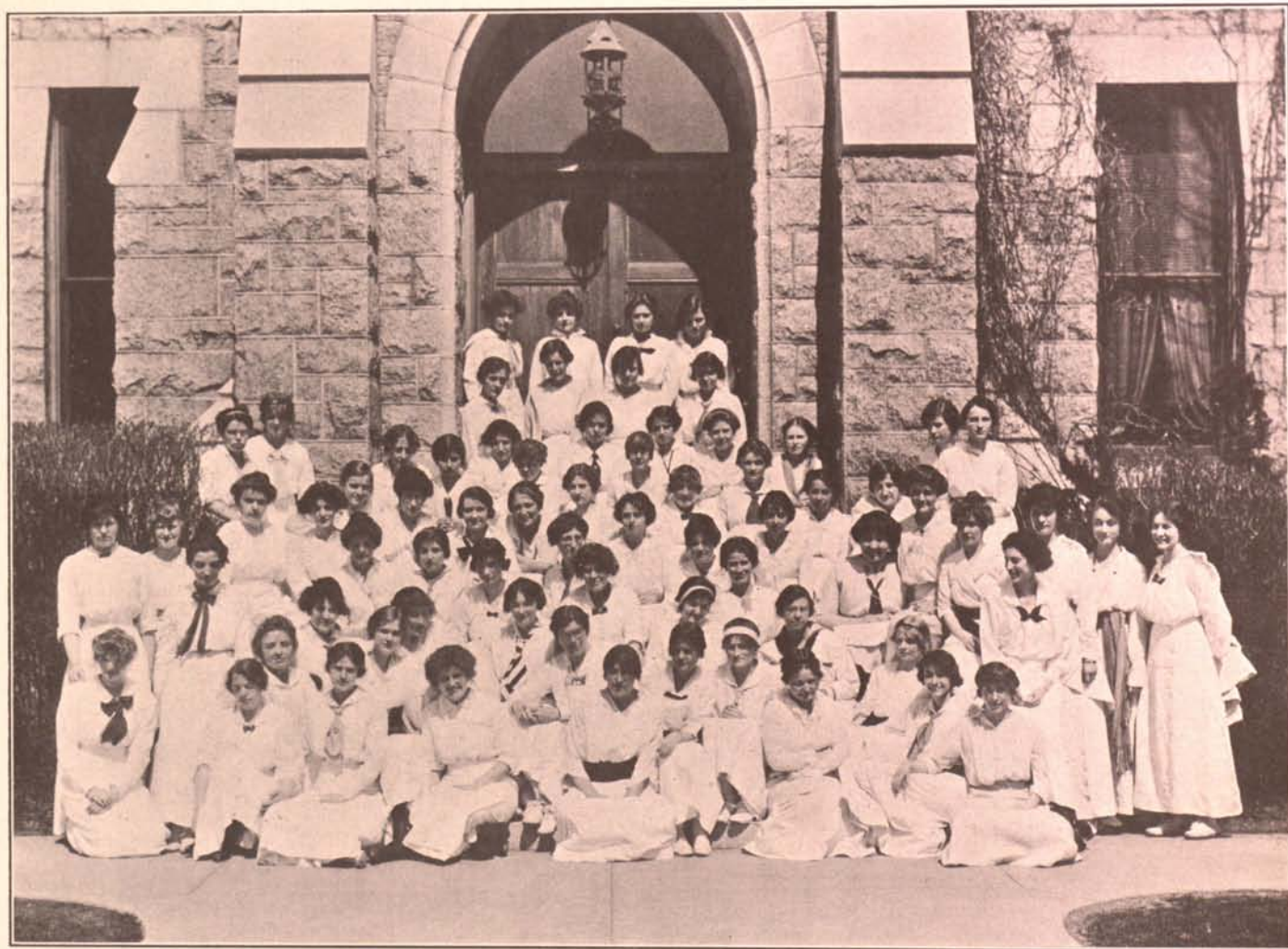


Harman



THE CLASS OF NINETEEN FOURTEEN

NINETEEN FOURTEEN

Bryn Mawr College

CLASS BOOK

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Preface

WE, the editors, here present you with our labor of derision, Oh 1914, dear, dear Seniors that you were. It was not our wish that there should be a class book, but—"it was our duty and we did."

Would you like to know who sent us the first contribution? It was Pritch. Would you like to know who sent us the second contribution? It was Lill. These are the only two contributions which arrived strictly on time.

We, the three faithful—the fourth editor is somehow lost*—sit cooped up on a beautiful June day by a small smoky fire which will not burn properly. The miniature Cooleys—there are six of them, and all eager to see our editor-in-chief working—peer in at the window or timidly open the door and ask in voices expressive of awe and wonder for a missing coat, microscope, or anything else which will serve as an excuse for entering the sacred precincts of the editorial board. All requests for admittance being sternly denied by the editor-in-chief, we continue to "produce." And what we produce Margaret Sears will be forced to sell, and you will be forced to buy, and we sincerely pity you. But, beloved classmates, you will not be forced to read what we write; you may turn to our latter pages and gaze at your favorite professor, or better still, you may turn still farther, to the clean white pages at the very end of our volume, and amuse yourselves by pasting on their smooth surfaces "counterfeit presentments"—if you bought any—of one another.

* The telephone has just rung to announce that she's arriving, having been first to Concord, New Hampshire.

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Freshman Year

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Offices Held by 1914 in the Year 1910-'11

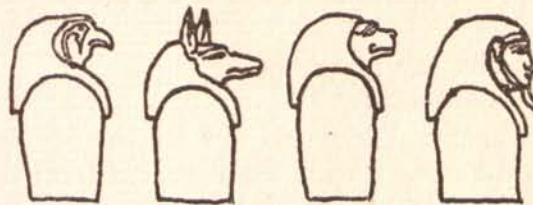
President—LILLIEN COX

Vice-President—LAURA DELANO

Secretary—JOSEPHINE NILES

Students' Council—ELIZABETH BRYANT, MARY SHIPLEY

Self-Government Association—Advisory Board—MARY COOLIDGE



Egypt and the Plague

NOW in the reign of Pharaoh Thomas, in the twenty-sixth year of her reign, did she call unto her two councillors who stand by her throne, Isis and Mar-en-Ra, and opened her mouth and said:

2. "Behold, I go into a far country, even unto the land of Egypt, and while I am gone see ye to it that the children of Israel work as hard as before; and ye shall give them no straw, nevertheless, demand the same number of bricks.

3. "And if they deliver not the bricks at the times which we have set, ye shall beat them with rods."

4. And when she had made an end of speaking, she departed and went her way unto the land of Egypt, and took with her no army, but only her faithful treasurer.

¶5. Now after that she had departed there arose great groanings in the land, and the children of Israel began mightily to complain, so that they went both singly and together unto the councillors, and besought them, saying,

6. "O mighty councillors, let us depart we pray you, from the land of Kam-Pus that we may journey into the wilderness and celebrate a festival unto our gods with the dance. Six days will we journey and return unto you again."

7. But the councillors smiled and would not let the people go.

8. Then arose in the land of Kam-Pus Moses Sheldonis, dear unto the heart of

Pharaoh, and stretched forth her rod in the sight of all the people, and spake with a loud voice:

9. "Now verily must ye let my people go."

10. But the councillors would not.

11. Then spake Moses again: "If ye do not let the people go, verily dire plagues shall come upon you." And having spoken she departed from their midst.

12. Then Moses stretched forth her rod and the plague of scarlet came upon the land.

13. That night there arose a great wail in the province of Mer-i-On, and the children murmured against Moses, and said:

14. "What is this that thou hast brought upon us? For we would rather make bricks in the land of Kam-Pus than that redness should overcast our countenances."

15. On the morrow Mar-en-Ra rose up in the assembly of the people and said:

16. "Depart hence, ye children, out of the land, before noon this day get ye hence. Take with you your wives and your children, your oxen and your asses, your ornaments of gold and of brass, and all that is not your room-mate's. Show not your faces again within the borders of the land; nevertheless, make ye bricks while ye are gone."

¶17. And after the children of Israel were gone out of the land, came Pharaoh again with her treasurer, bringing no trophies save only a mummy: which men claim to have seen, howbeit I have not.

JEAN DAVIS.



Freshman Supper

ALL through Freshman year sophisticated upper classmen tell us, that not until after Freshman class supper would we feel ourselves truly a part of the college or even a real class. So when the night arrived we assembled in the lower hall of Pembroke West, each in her best evening dress and her hair fixed as if for the outside world. It was the first time we had seen ourselves in real party clothes, and as we looked around at our friends and neighbors, and remembered the reflection in our own mirrors, we proudly congratulated ourselves upon being "by far the best looking class in college." When we were all in our places, Nancy Van Dyke started—"Rush on O Freshmen," and we marched into the dining-room shouting this our first song.

Pembroke dining-room looked as it has looked for many a Freshman supper—only a little better.

The rest of the college lined the walls of the room where for a time they made comments upon our appearance, laughed at our stunts, and cheered Ethel's first speech. Then, delighted at our daring, we "sang them out" class by class, and the fun really began. We sang every song known to College, with extra vim those that did not belong to us—especially the odd class sanctum sanctorum "Side-by-side." And its parody "Side by side as we always wash our heads," etc., suggestive of early Sunday mornings.

Between courses various members of the class distinguished themselves in orating. Betty made the tears run down our cheeks—but "more merry tears the passion of loud laughter never shed." Beaney talked athletics as she plays a game—lots of pep and no frills.

Mary Shipley did not tell us what would happen "Supposing Lill should not be in bed by nine"—but how could she, for such a thing had never happened.

The Dwarfs from Freshman show did "Eggs." We had "Julia's walk." "I am sick, I must die. Lord have mercy on us," by Miss Donelly. A lecture from Dr. De Laguna, alias Betty Lord; and the "giants," with "Toit" bringing up the rear.

After all the stunts and speeches we sang until an hour unheard of in College except at

Freshman suppers. Then Lill rose to say farewell in the name of the class to our first year of college. As she spoke to us as a class a new loyalty and love for college seemed to fill our hearts. We had indeed, as the upper classmen said, become a part of Bryn Mawr, and as we stood on our chairs, with one foot upon the table and sang our class and college songs, we knew that Freshman supper had made us truly a class, and that we were not only the best looking class but the best class that would ever be at Bryn Mawr.

JOSEPHINE NILES.

The Charm of Beowulf

The most excellent paper in the career of the college! It is simply swell! Bully for you, kid.

CRANDALL.

You get your degree for this, no further work necessary.

MINNIE C. THOMAS, per L. D. L.

Fine characterization

Precisely
L. D. L.

Your lofty ideal is well expressed

Very forceful

Splendid metaphor
H. C.

I like Beowulf because it tells about Grendel's momma in it. She was such a sweet old lady. Of particular charm to my mind was where Grendel croaked. Such episodes always touch my heart and draw tears to my ~~ears~~ eyes. Also I love the sweet modesty and retiringness of Beowulf and his gentleness of soul makes him to me the ideal hero and soul mate for any college woman. The greatest charm in Beowulf for me was when he wopped the dragon in the stomach and the goo oozed out. Why you know I could fairly hear it gurgle.

~~CATHARINE CREIGHTON,~~

AGNES PATTEN,

ANNE LINDSEY WHITE.

Athletic Teams and Records—Freshman Year

Tennis Singles

Class championship won by 1913.

Captain—E. AYER

Manager—E. DUNHAM

E. AYER E. DUNHAM
 A. MILLER

On Tennis Varsity

E. DUNHAM E. AYER

1914 Class champion—E. DUNHAM

Second Team

Captain—I. PRITCHETT

Tennis Doubles

Record incomplete.

Hockey

Championship won by 1911.

Captain—L. CADBURY

Manager—E. BAKER

L. CADBURY L. BOLTON-SMITH
A. MILLER E. BALDERSTON
H. CAREY E. AYER
E. BAKER W. BOARDMAN
A. PATTON A. WHITE
E. COLT L. COX

Second Team

Captain—E. JACKSON

Manager—M. SEARS

E. JACKSON E. BRYANT
M. SEARS N. VAN DYKE
M. SHIPLEY E. WASHBURN

E. LEE M. COOLIDGE
H. KIRK H. CHAPIN
 K. SERGEANT

Third Team

Captain—M. SHIPLEY

On Varsity Hockey, 1910-11

L. CADBURY
Sub—L. COX

Swimming Meet

Championship won by 1913.

1914 *Captain*—A. MILLER

L. COX L. BOLTON-SMITH
E. COLT E. AYER
K. DODD F. CABOT
L. CADBURY M. COOLIDGE
I. BENEDICT A. PAGE
M. ELIOT C. CREIGHTON
 M. GARDNER

Records Broken

136 ft. swim on front—L. COX,
'14—41 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

Water Polo

Championship won by 1914.

Captain—A. MILLER

Manager—E. COLT

A. MILLER L. COX
L. CADBURY I. BENEDICT
E. COLT M. COOLIDGE
 E. AYER

Indoor Track Meet

Won by 1911.

Captain—E. LEE

Manager—H. CAREY

E. AYER S. FINE
F. CABOT C. ROCKWELL
E. WARREN E. LEE
H. CAREY W. BOARDMAN
E. BALDERSTON L. COX
A. MILLER H. KIRK

Basket-Ball

Championship won by 1913.

Captain—E. BAKER

Manager—H. KIRK

E. LEE E. BALDERSTON
L. COX H. CAREY
E. BAKER E. COLT
H. KIRK A. MILLER
 E. AYER

Second Team

Captain—C. ROCKWELL

Manager—E. JACKSON

E. WASHBURN M. ARTHURS
L. DELANO I. PRITCHETT
M. CAMP M. COOLIDGE
L. CADBURY E. WARREN
 C. ROCKWELL

On Basket-Ball Varsity

Sub—H. CAREY

Sophomore Year

Offices held by 1914 in the Year 1911-'12

President—IDA PRITCHETT
Vice-President—MARION CAMP
Secretary—KATHARINE SERGEANT
Students' Council—MARGARET SEARS, KATHARINE DODD
Self-Government Association. Treasurer—MARY COOLIDGE
Advisory Board—ELIZABETH COLT
Undergraduate Association. Assistant Treasurer—LAURA DELANO
Christian Association. Secretary—IDA PRITCHETT
Athletic Association. Vice-President—LEAH CADBURY
Lantern. Treasurer—ELIZABETH BRALEY
Tipyn o' Bob. Editor—FRANCES CABOT, MARY COOLIDGE
Treasurer—MARGARET SEARS
Equal Suffrage League. Advisory Board—FRANCES CABOT
Philosophical Club. Secretary—KATHARINE SERGEANT
College Settlement Association. Secretary—HELEN KIRK
Consumer's League. Treasurer—MONTGOMERY ARTHURS
Choir—ELIZABETH SWAN, LILLIEN COX, CATHERINE WESTLING

Cad at the Pan

A Melodrama in One Act

Time: 1911, October.

Scene I: Pembroke Arch.

Actors: 1914.

Curtain rises.

(*Taylor Bell striking 7:00. No one in sight. 7:05—a few stragglers, dressed chiefly in tams, long coats, and goloshes.*) 7:10—N. V. D.—Please get in line, girls. We'll have to begin. (*A line is formed—with a big gap every third person.*) Come on, girls. Don't forget, we recite it until we get to the lib. Ready—*Pallás A.* . . . Wait a minute. We'll have to begin all over. Everyone *must* start with the left foot. Like this—*Pallás (left), Athéne (right).* See?

Ready—*Pallás*—Only the leaders wave lanterns. I know they're not here yet, but try to get the idea. Watch your spacing. How many people are you allowing for there? three? All right—keep in step—walk straight—don't sway—keep your eye on the leaders.

Scene 2: In the cloister.

(*Cad is planted on the edge of the fountain, beating a dishpan, sublimely unconscious of tune or time. The wavering line appears through the doors at each end.*)

N. V. D. (*running from one side to the other, yelling*).—Bing, bing—that's the time, Cad; can you get it? (*To the chorus:*) Left, right, left, right. *Pallás Athéna*—get the note—keep in the middle—don't cut off the corners—go down the steps together, one at a time, beginning with your left foot—go all the way to the fountain before turning—make a good circle—keep on waving your lanterns—can't you all sing louder?

Scene 3: Later. In the cloister.

A STUDENT.—I don't like to say anything, but really———is a mute, the dangerous kind, you know—the kind that doesn't know it and sings loud and is always a shade off. Did you try her out? I think some one ought to tell her. Of course it's a delicate matter but——

SECOND STUDENT.—Don't you think it would be better if we put more expression into our singing? For instance, swell on *akoue*—you know.

THIRD STUDENT.—I don't know whether you've noticed it or not, but everyone says "my toes" instead of "*matos*." Of course you know what that means.

FOURTH STUDENT.—I'm sorry, but I simply can't keep on the tune if you put me between two "thirds." I'm all right with another first or alone, but——

FIFTH STUDENT.—I don't like to say anything, but I don't think Cad beats that pan in time. Couldn't you speak to her about it? I know you're awfully busy now, but——

SIXTH STUDENT.—Don't you think there should be a fine for non-attendance and also for lateness? Now at 7 o'clock this morning——

SEVENTH STUDENT.—I don't think anyone should be allowed to eat apples or study while she's practising. It's——

EIGHTH STUDENT.—We don't have to stay here any more this morning, do we? You know there's an English quiz and I don't know a *thing*.

LILLIEN COX.

“Don’t Smile”*A Play in Five Actcidents, Performed Before Her Majesty the Queen in that Year of Grace, 1912*

PROLOGUE

TWO years ago we gave a play
 In true Elizabethan way—
 “Petruchio and the Scolding Shrew”
 ’Twas called. Meanwhile, known to the few,
 An humbler tragedy was played;
 ’Tis this that I have here essayed
 In simple fashion to narrate,
 In hopes it cometh not too late
 To shame those critics who, I’m told,
 Had tongues so sharp and hearts so cold,
 That while Petruck (arrayed perchance
 In charming orange sealskin pants)
 To his fair lady sweet love made
 They, whispering, to each other said,
 “His legs are really far too thin;
 His voice resembles crackling tin.”
 And so I beg your patience while
 My little piece is played—and please don’t smile!

ACTCIDENT I

STAGE MANAGER (*nervously*).—Where is Fanio? It’s her cue in twenty lines. Any of you over there seen her?

GRUMIO.—She’s down gettin’ her beard stuck on.

STAGE MANAGER.—Her beard! Heavens alive! fifteen lines. Get her up this identical

second or the whole show'll go to pot. Get her I say! (*Wild scramble. Enter Fanio trembling, a delicate reddish fringe on one cheek; the other clean shaven.*)

STAGE MANAGER.—Ye Gods!

FANIO.—C-c-couldn't h-h-hell pit. You said——

STAGE MANAGER (*infuriated*).—Never mind what I said. You get the other half of your beard on quicker than you ever—— (*Exit Fanio.*) Ass, donkey—eight lines more! Merciful providence! jumping Jehosaphat! (*Mopping her brow.*) Go slow, go slow! Five lines! Slow down there! Hurry her up! Slow down! (*Jumping about in a frenzy.*) One line! (*Groans.*)

(*Enter Fanio bearded.*)

ACTCIDENT II

STAGE MANAGER.—Hand over that chair there. Get a wiggle on! Here, you Petruck, heave it up on top of the table and hang on to it for all you're good for. Now, Grumio and the rest of you, help the old man Smith up. One, two, three—heave! Look out! clear from under. (*Old man crashes through cane seat.*) Great guns! No time to lose. Get another chair. Quick there, I say. Come on, boost her up again. (*Old man puts his head through the curtain to give effect of looking from a second-story window. Giggles on part of audience.*) The curtain! Horrors! We never pinned it together. (*Tears his hair.*)

ACTCIDENT III

STAGE MANAGER (*peering through a hole in the back curtain*).—My, she's doing that grandly. We're gettin' away with this scene all right. Good! Look at the spirit with which noble Petruck hurls those dishes about. Why, she's a first-class pitcher! Look at the curve on that soup tureen. Mercy on us! (*Faint, watery scream.*) Right into the prompter's box.

ACTCIDENT IV

STAGE MANAGER.—Don't be nervous, Twot. It's simply ridiculous.

TWOT, THE COOK.—Dear me! is it time for my cue? I don't know what it is. Do tell me when you hear it.

STAGE MANAGER.—All right! There it is now. Make a graceful entrance.

TWOT.—Dear me! dear me! (*Trips, hesitates, falls headlong on to the stage, skilfully overturning a sideboard, a table, a chair, etc.*)

ACTCIDENT V

STAGE MANAGER.—This is really too much! Do you mean to say not one of you has seen Petruck? And here it is the most important act. My “chef d'œuvre” and no hero! (*Wrings her hands.*) What on earth shall be done? (*Sound of splintering glass from the dressing room.*) Glory! Now what's that? This is the last straw! (*Enter Grumio convulsed with mirth.*)

STAGE MANAGER.—Stop cackling! Haven't you any feeling? What's happened? I never saw such unmanageable, ungrateful creatures! Stop giggling this instant!

GRUMIO.—It's only Petruck (he! he! he!). She was (ha! ha!) making love to herself (he! he!) in the mirror (he! ha!) and she embraced it too affectionately. Don't be angry! She's all cut up about it.

EPILOGUE

And this the moral to my play:
Just wink or turn your face away,
At lapses from dramatic style.
And please, whatever else you do—don't smile!

EUGENIA BAKER,
Stage Manager.

“Muss Scheiden”*

WHEN Coolie asked me to write for the Class Book, like all the rest of you, I objected. To the ordinary excuse, “I have nothing to say on that subject,”

I had an additional loop-hole that my career in English did not fulfil the expectations of my family, the English department or my own meagre hopes. I didn’t succeed in killing “Second year English Composition 1913-1914” until the 29th of May. My feelings would not have been hurt if I had never been invited to write in this “lit’ry” production. I manage to keep busy trying to get enough ads so we won’t have to charge an additional \$.50 to make up for the increase in c. of p. (If you take economics, I’m sure you abbreviate that way too.) Finally, after all my objections had been listened to, Coolie said, “Oh, go ahead anyway. Write anything,—it doesn’t make any difference.” If I hadn’t been a perfectly good friend of hers, in the next class meeting, I should have moved that we consider whether or not she was a reliable editor. Having wrung my consent to say “something” she then proceeded to inform me that I was to write on “Parting from 1912.” The humor of that must necessarily appeal to all of you who know me at all well. I never “knew” 1912 in a way which would make the task of writing on “Muss Scheiden” either amusing or heart-rending. Now K. Dodd could have written a pathetic tale of having to say good-bye to her juniors—a tale full of tender reminiscences, or Ethel Dunham would have made a masterpiece, entitled *The True Tragedy of Tears*, on such a subject. Then there’s Lill or Libby. Either of them might have sailed into realms of fancy with a subject so full of possibilities and opportunity for personal touches. But to expect any of these results from me is merely a good way of strengthening one’s character through Faith. Several times I have made the attempt to depict something of what I supposed those others felt when they carried Julia’s bag to the station or washed Fannie’s dishes for the last time. My tactics were all changed last week when Ship in her high-handed way told me that I was to write on “1912’s Commencement.” She may

*This title dosen’t apply. But none would.—AUTHOR.

not be aware of the fact now, though she will soon, but she's going to get a far worse result from me on that subject, for even my imagination fails to work there. She knows perfectly well, and I have told Coolie, I never stayed to a Commencement until 1914's. I haven't the vaguest idea what the stunts were at Bonfire, what were the romances and tragedies of Garden Party, or what was the subject of the Commencement address. Personally I think it would be very stupid to have a list of 1912's festivities, so I am just as well pleased that I don't know anything about them. It's my private opinion that none of you know very much about 1912's commencement as I have vainly tried to collect some information on the subject. The greatest impression seems to have been made by the thunder-storm during the Baccalaureate sermon. If I were not truly honorable I might try to fool you by using our own Commencement week and making it fit 1912. But I know as well as you do that that is impossible. No one but Marj could have "ragged" up to get her degree; no one but Fletcher could have made of Garden Party a wholesale rendezvous of every acquaintance for the last twenty-two years; and finally, who but Braley could have put so perfect a finishing touch to the last class meeting? And now, having stated my side of the case, I am going to stop. If Coolie truly wants 1912's Commencement, I'm afraid she'll have to write it herself. She can't inveigle me into believing that she's any busier than I am, for "business managing" is no golden road to Heaven. It has just occurred to me—I wonder why she didn't ask me to write on the financial side of a class book; it's really the most harrowing side. Probably she was afraid it would make me too sad. It couldn't have been any worse than the agonies I have had to go through with in trying to resurrect a parting with 1912. Now I hope I have parted with them *von ewigkeit nach ewigkeit*. Rank heresy!

MARGARET SEARS.

Athletic Teams and Records—Sophomore Year

Tennis Singles

Class championship won by 1915.

Captain—E. DUNHAM

Manager—E. AYER

E. AYER	E. BALDWIN
	A. MILLER

Tennis Doubles

Class championship won by 1914.

E. AYER	I. PRITCHETT
E. BALDWIN	I. BENEDICT
E. DUNHAM	A. MILLER
	L. COX

Class Champion—E. AYER

On Varsity—

E. AYER	A. MILLER
	E. DUNHAM

Second Team Singles

Won by 1913.

Captain—I. PRITCHETT

I. PRITCHETT	L. COX
	I. BENEDICT

Hockey

Championship won by 1912.

Captain—L. CADBURY

Manager—E. BAKER

E. BAKER	E. ALLEN
H. KIRK	K. SERGEANT
L. CADBURY	A. L. WHITE
A. MILLER	W. BOARDMAN
H. CAREY	R. BIXLER
E. AYER	L. COX

Second Team

Captain—M. SEARS

Manager—E. ALLEN

E. WARREN	M. CAMP
J. BOYD	E. COLT
M. SEARS	K. DODD
M. SHIPLEY	N. VAN DYKE
C. ROCKWELL	D. COX

Third Team

Captain—C. BROWN

Manager—J. BAIRD

On Varsity Hockey Team

L. CADBURY	A. MILLER
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Subs for Varsity

E. BAKER	H. KIRK
----------	---------

Swimming Meet

Championship won by 1914.

Captain—A. MILLER

I. BENEDICT	K. DODD
F. CABOT	M. GARDNER
L. CADBURY	A. MILLER
M. COOLIDGE	K. SHIPPEN
E. COLT	J. TAPPAN
L. COX	A. L. WHITE

Record Broken

Class relay 1914—1 min. 19²/₅ sec.

Water Polo

Class championship won by 1914.

Captain—A. MILLER

Manager—E. COLT

A. MILLER	A. L. WHITE
E. COLT	I. BENEDICT
L. COX	L. CADBURY
K. SHIPPEN	W. BOARDMAN

Outdoor Track Meet

Class championship won by 1912.

Captain—L. COX

E. ALLEN	E. PORTER
E. AYER	I. PRITCHETT
E. BAKER	C. ROCKWELL
W. BOARDMAN	H. SHELDON
L. CADBURY	M. SHIPLEY
H. CAREY	A. L. WHITE

E. COLT

Records Broken

Throwing baseball—I. PRITCHETT,
161 ft. 11 in.

Throwing basket-ball—C. ROCK-
WELL, 61 ft. 8 in.

Basket-Ball

Championship won by 1913.

Captain—E. BAKER

Manager—H. KIRK

E. BAKER	L. CADBURY
L. COX	E. COLT
H. KIRK	H. CAREY

E. BALDERSTON

Second Team

Captain—C. ROCKWELL

Manager—E. WARREN

L. DELANO	C. ROCKWELL
A. MILLER	E. WARREN
H. HINDE	I. PRITCHETT

E. WASHBURN

On Basket-Ball Varsity

L. COX

Subs—

E. BAKER	L. CADBURY
	H. CAREY

Junior Year

Offices held by 1914 in the Year 1912-'13

President—MARY COOLIDGE

Vice-President—KATHARINE SHIPPEN

Secretary—JEAN BATCHELOR

Students' Council—IDA PRITCHETT, JEAN BATCHELOR

Self-Government Association. Secretary—MARY COOLIDGE

Executive Board. KATHARINE DODD, IDA PRITCHETT

Advisory Board—ETHEL DUNHAM, ELIZABETH BALDERSTON

Undergraduate Association. Vice-President—LAURA DELANO

Secretary—ELEANOR ALLEN

Christian Association. Treasurer—IDA PRITCHETT (resigned), JOSEPHINE NILES

Athletic Association. Secretary—ALICE MILLER

Outdoor Manager—LEAH CADBURY

Lantern. Editors—WINIFRED GOODALL, KATHARINE DODD, ELIZABETH BALDERSTON,

Treasurer—ELIZABETH BRALEY

Tipyn o'Bob. Editors—KATHARINE SERGEANT, MARY COOLIDGE, JEAN BATCHELOR

Business Manager—MARGARET SEARS

Trophy Club. Secretary—ELIZABETH BRYANT

Treasurer—LILLIEN COX

English Club. JEAN BATCHELOR, MARY COOLIDGE, WINIFRED GOODALL, MARTHA HOBSON,

KATHARINE SERGEANT, EVELYN SHAW, HELEN SHAW, MIRIAM WARD

Debating Club. President—KATHARINE DODD

Glee Club. Secretary—MARGARET SEARS

Equal Suffrage League. Vice-President—ETHEL DUNHAM

Advisory Board—ALICE MILLER

Science Club. Vice-President—ETHEL DUNHAM

Philosophical Club. Vice-President—JEAN BATCHELOR

History Club. Vice-President—MARGARET SEARS

College Settlement Association. Treasurer—MARY DOROTHY HUGHES

Consumer's League. President—KATHARINE DODD

Choir—ELEANOR ALLEN, MARION CAMP, ELIZABETH BALDWIN, ISABEL BENEDICT, MARGARET
BLANCHARD, ELIZABETH COLT, LILLIEN COX, CATHERINE WESTLING,
DOROTHY WESTON

Chief Fire Captain—KATHARINE DODD

Banner Play

WE planned it one hot morning of Sophomore spring down in Senior Row, Nancy Cabot describing various plots and scenarios and outlines which people had told her about, to which we responded with lukewarm enthusiasm, and then unfolding at gorgeous length *her* plan before which we paled and gasped in admiration. So we told the class and they accepted it with their usual beautiful and sheep-like docility—or perhaps because it was too late in the year or too warm to scrap. I can remember one long afternoon of ecstatic planning with Hinde of green bloomers and orange boleros and golden anklets, and we urged K. Sergeant to learn to play on a little pipe, so that she could charm snakes, and throughout the summer we all kept our ears open for Oriental tunes and our eyes watchful for objects of Eastern clothing or art.

When we came back in the fall all was excitement. We made Laura stage manager because she didn't know a thing about acting—it was the year, you remember, when we elected Lill track captain because she couldn't run, jump, or throw anything. Laura, however, was, as usual, "most efficient," even if she did costume the dancing dervishes as little girls and think that *punkahs* were some sort of court official, putting them down on the programme as such. She and I learned a lot about Philadelphia in those days, penetrating into obscure and unsavory portions of the city to buy tricks for Cad and sheet brass for ornaments. To get the tricks you had to go up a steep flight of stairs and rouse a deaf gentleman, who was always sleeping on a couch in the back room and then shout in his ear for "some large tricks, please;" and to get the brass we made our way into a great cavernous warehouse place, through which ran a small railroad, where we purchased one yard of brass at retail from an immense roll and departed in triumph.

Anne Lindsay and I struggled daily with the chorus dances. The harem was all right because they knew they looked pretty when the curtain went up showing them all lying about on the floor in veils, and they had scarves to wave, thus concealing deficiencies in grace, but the slave girls were fearful. I never knew why when they were chosen for excessive

blondness they should be costumed in scarlet, and most of them seemed to have sprained their ankles, and those that hadn't were shy about exhibiting their feet—and then, finally, on *the* night there were Marge's never-to-be-forgotten "blooms."

The night itself was for us a blaze of triumph; Cad's tricks provoked roars of applause from the audience, especially the egg one* (I remember dancing over and around the wreck of it on the floor afterwards). Anne's and Fritz's voices, reinforced to preternatural loudness for the occasion, rendered "Alone upon the housetops" in a way which might have drawn tears from a stone, underclassmen frantically pounded and clapped Lill as she lustily besought the grind to "leave her books and come." The procession was a Turkish delight, the old G. O. P. elephant, sumptuously caparisoned, proceeding majestically across the stage driven by Edwina who was clad in a neat costume of awning cloth—she complained bitterly about it—then running nimbly around back of the scenes to the entrance again to reappear as the second, third, and fourth elephant successively of his majesty the Sultan. We thought it was fine, as I have said, but no member of any other class, least of all any 1916, has ever spoken a word in praise of it in my hearing, and we got our usual back-handed complimentary play notice in the *Typ*, but in my own mind, I think the remembrance of those red slave girls, all down on the floor in a row salaaming vigorously, all out of time with the music and each other, will survive forever.

HELEN SHAW.

* She practised with a hard-boiled egg just before the performance until she broke it and had to send hastily to Merion for another which was, of course, raw and not so nice when dropped.—AUTHOR.

Dodd's Doughty Debaters

DODD, the dreadful director of the doughty debaters, has gone away to the BATES CAMP, and left no record of their deeds behind. Was she too modest to set forth the true merits of her band? At any rate the task has fallen into my hands, and I set forth the history as truly as I can.

The Debating Society was organized in Sophomore year. Nobody in college was a good speaker then, but Dodd the Dauntless knew how to be, and she undertook to show us all. We must first be intelligent on all subjects, must be witty and solemn and touching. When we had succeeded in all these accomplishments we must remember never to say "I," or to slip a look at the paper we had written out, and always to stand on both our feet. With these things as a foundation we began. Scorning less technical and skilled debaters, we argued with each other. And we argued on any subject, and our words were always long. All the things we didn't know ourselves we read about in books, and then we divided all our knowledge into subheadings and considered it from every aspect and every point of view. Take the Mexican question for example. All our information is put together, then each draws out his subdivision. *A.* takes what he considers President Wilson's chances to be at the next election; *B.* discusses the Mexican sombrero; and *C.* the latest model of American rifles. Logical, persuasive, convincing, they are, each argument dovetails neatly into the next, making a complete whole which will force the most impenetrable to agree with us on this weighty question.

Trained by a long series of debates of this kind, we at length come to the great event—the last debate of Senior year. Now will we show the accumulation of all our skill. We mount the platform and stand on both our feet. The subject is "Feminism." On the left of the chapel sit the judges, their pads and pencils in their hands; on the right our little group of friends who will laugh at jokes, and clap us when we are done. Before us all the audience, and they inspire no terror—have we not had two years of experience.

"Madame President, my worthy opponents——"

How glib and smooth the arguments come forth. Soon they will see how admirable a wife and mother is the Victorian woman, how abominable and altogether to be scorned is the Feminist. Just here a stir at the back of the chapel and President Thomas appears. Frozen silent, we watch her dispose of her umbrella, and pull off her rubbers, and pull forth her handkerchief from her petticoat pocket. And how she sits, silent, to listen—to me. The end of my speech was to have been a grand philippic against the Feminist, but I did not deliver it.

Ah! Katharine Dodd! Even your doughty debaters must quail before Miss Thomas.

KATHARINE B. SHIPPEN.

Dur Golden Treasury

IT is impossible to write appreciatively of our song book without taking into consideration the music with which the songs are sung. This is natural, I think.

During the four years one grows more and more to differentiate the songs by their tunes, and in no other way. "Faithful and true," "the class dark blue," "the morning dew—" as my lips have formed these phrases, song-practice after song-practice, only the tune, grave or gay, can inform me whether it be a farewell song or a hockey song or a song of general civility which we are raising. This is at first a very convenient arrangement for a member who is musically half-mute and wholly indolent, but later, when one has become attached to certain songs as learned by word of mouth, it is disappointing to find their written versions so different. For instance, there was

"Stop your violence, swat him, and weep no more,
For stung is Thrim, and found is the hammer of Thor."

The sentiment always pleased me, although I was in doubt of its propriety as a Freshman show song, but as the Junior Class president never objected, I sang it patiently and with a good deal of satisfaction for upwards of three years. It reminded me vaguely of the suffragettes in England. The first time we practiced it, the girl next me had sung it in that way. She was a brown-eyed girl with a meek expression, and whether she sang it because she thought it right, or because she thought I was singing it thus, I have never been able to discover, but at any rate we were both deceived, for the printed page has:

"Stop your violent sobbing, and weep no more."

The sudden pause and explosion after violent is, I believe, due only to the exigencies of the tune.

Sorry as I am to lose an old favorite I must perforce confess that the sentiment, as here expressed, is much more in accord with the nature of our class spirit than the other.

I have a theory that the "class spirit" or guardian genius of our class, is characterized by a kind of gloomy geniality, and so manifests itself through all the tunes and songs of our little book. Sometimes I think I should recognize a 1914 song anywhere, even coming out of an ice-cleft in the Antarctic continent:

"Time heard, and whispered *as* he passed,
Great deeds alone are doomed to last,
Vain things and small are hurried past
To their for—*got*—ten graves."

I will never forget the enjoyment which prompted us recklessly to drop the tune and dive to the bottom of the register on that last line. It took a whole song-practice to drag us up to anything like a vocal pitch, and even as Seniors on the steps, I observe that some of us still slide. I remember, too, a Senior reception song of our Freshman year which partook of the same mortuary mood—a song wherein we all shouted euphemistically, on being about to depart:

"We are grateful, believe us,
For all you've done.
We—give—thanks for the way
Our first year has begun."

There is yet another song of that year in which our pessimism (if it were pessimism—call it rather a shrouded gloom) reached its climax:

"The tenderness which *no doubt* fills
The green for warmer hue
Cannot compare with that which thrills
The heart of blue for blue."

We didn't even believe much in the affections in those days. Of course, our Lantern song

was not cheerful. No one wanted it to be so. We liked it as it was. What was our hollow mirth as we swung those recently acquired lanterns in the cloister and intoned:

“The gilded lamp doth shed its ray.”

Those were all early songs, of course. Afterwards we became less outspoken in our woe, but I still remember, quite far along in our college career, hanging over the side of the pool and shouting lustily at the water-polo players the dire prophecy:

“The reds will look like squashed tomatoes!”

until the color of our faces would completely have misled a disinterested observer as to the significance of the symbolism.

The Orals, naturally, inspired our class spirit to its highest flight. Where is the place for a genial gloom if not Orals? “Frilly Fluffy” will probably remain ever “classic,” if only for the splendid climax of the last line:

“And we hiss in howling horror,
‘Is she mad? Is she mad?’”

The sardonic effect which this closing phrase, hissed in the tragic tones of Cyrano de Bergerac, imparts to the whole song, is both admirable and startling after the beginning with its false hint of *Vogue* or the *Ladies’ Home Journal*:

“The Frilly Fluffy Females in their fine French frocks.”

The history song, one of our last performances, only confirmed me in my knowledge of our class spirit. Our feelings toward it were from the first instinct with gloom, though we determined that everything about it should be proper and such as class convention

demand. I happened to be present at a very early discussion in regard to the chorus. The question was whether or not the catch-word should be "Nonpareil '14." I held my breath. Were we at last going to reveal ourselves to declare our secret optimism, nay, egotism—our hidden belief in our own destiny which our class song had so painstakingly denied. But we were saved. Someone pronounced the adjective "tawdry." "And, besides," someone else objected "it might not be true." Therefore, we changed it to "Nondescript '14," which, though ambiguous, was also absolutely innocuous, and far nearer to the truth in the eyes of our own prophets than the other. And, after all, as I endeavored to observe on setting out, what difference do the mere words of a song make when we, many times stronger than the four-and-twenty-black-birds, "begin to sing."

WINIFRED GOODALL.

Bates Camp

I MUST admit that I feel peculiarly fitted to write for the Class Book, for, with the exception of Biology, that "difficult course" that almost cost Alice and Marion their degrees, English is the one course in college I have never flunked. Besides, I feel quite up in the subject before me and prefer writing about it to such things as "The Joyousness of Celtic Literature," or the "Melancholy of Balder Dead." Of course I admit that some things about the camp were melancholy too, one of the chief being, that my first year I stayed two solid weeks. With two strenuous companions like Ethel and Lill, that means a good deal!

Upon our arrival a list of meal hours confronted us beginning something like this:

Breakfast—Children 7.00

Workers 7.30

Guests 8.00

Lill laughed gleefully and said she was glad not to eat before 8.00. She soon found that she was quite mistaken and that she was not a guest as she had supposed!

We began rising with the sun and then we'd dress the twenty-six youngsters under our care. For three days Lill seemed to prefer setting the table, but she soon grew less snobbish and helped Ett and me braid pigtails and pin up endless layers of underclothes. Her favorite excitement was giving tubs. Half the youngsters cried because they wanted tubs; the other half cried when shivering in the midst of the process, while the colored cook fumed in the kitchen because we had carried off her pots full of water. The children were mostly Italians, Joey Le Frano, whom Brooksie adopted, and Tony the Monk, so-called for his shaven head. Then there was "Dirty Tony" and "Black Jo" and, to change the monotony, dimpling Harold, who begged Ethel to kiss him good-night. There were girls too—Lucy de Luce, who wept for her home, and homely Nettie, not to mention freckled Tessie, and so on through all the twenty-six. They called us "Teachers" and they loved us dearly, to judge from the way they clutched our hands on every occasion.

Looking out for the children was not our only task, however. Far from it! We set the

table for all three sittings; we waited on table and nearly killed ourselves bringing endless bowls of porridge to year-old babies. We brushed the floors after meals, an unpleasant task; we made beds; we moved beds to another room because the chore boy could not get around swiftly on his wooden leg; we hung pictures; said grace at a moment's notice; and spared the decrepit horse by walking to the village to get the mail or possibly a poisonous-looking all-day-sucker. We even washed the piles of dishes which was not our job because the man hired for the purpose was a reformed (?) drunkard and quivered so that we feared for the priceless china.

All these were not our only jobs though, for we were there we were told "to amuse the guests." There were aged missionary ladies who adored such games as "Simon says thumbs up." They also kept Lill playing strange hymns which they sang so loud that it was hard for Ethel and me to keep them on the tune! There were also respectable but poor brides and grooms; there were dirty Italians with numberless babies and there were young girls from factories.

Always after such energetic work, we were terribly hungry and those dinners of pea-soup and cottage-cheese certainly tasted good. Sometimes we had a special treat of ice cream (made with one-half water) ordered by the lavish Lill. And the thought of those hard little beds quite makes my bones ache, though I ought to be thankful that I did not fall out of the window in one of my feeble attempts to turn over and get comfortable.

The English reader always said I was weak on epilogues, so perhaps I had better stop with the words that it is a fine experience to live at Bates Camp. Only if you want to preserve your health and beauty and disposition, take my advice and stay only one week.

ELIZABETH AYER.

Athletic Teams and Records—Junior Year

Tennis Singles

Class championship won by 1913.

Captain—E. DUNHAM

Manager—E. AYER

E. DUNHAM A. MILLER
I. PRITCHETT

Tennis Doubles

Class championship won by 1914.

E. DUNHAM E. AYER
A. MILLER E. BALDWIN
I. PRITCHETT E. BRYANT
Class champion—E. DUNHAM

On Tennis Varsity

A. MILLER I. PRITCHETT

Tennis Second Team

Won by 1913.

Captain—E. BALDWIN

E. BALDWIN E. BRYANT
E. COLT

Hockey

Championship won by 1914.

Captain—L. CADBURY

Manager—E. BAKER

H. CAREY E. ALLEN
A. MILLER E. COLT
L. CADBURY L. COX
H. KIRK A. L. WHITE
E. BAKER R. BIXLER
K. SERGEANT

Hockey Second Team

Won by 1915.

Captain—C. ROCKWELL

Manager—E. WARREN

M. SEARS C. BROWN
J. BOYD E. BRYANT
C. ROCKWELL D. COX
C. ALLPORT W. BOARDMAN
E. WARREN M. HAINES
M. CAMP

Third Team Hockey

Captains—J. BAIRD and D. BECHTEL

On Hockey Varsity

H. CAREY L. CADBURY
A. MILLER R. BIXLER
Subs—
E. BAKER E. COLT
L. COX H. KIRK

Swimming Meet

Won by 1914.

Captain—L. COX

A. L. WHITE M. GARDNER
E. COLT D. COX
L. COX L. CADBURY
M. COOLIDGE

Water Polo

Class championship won by 1913.

Captain—L. COX

Manager—E. COLT

E. COLT M. COOLIDGE
J. TAPPAN K. SHIPPEN
A. L. WHITE L. COX
L. CADBURY

Second Team

Captain—J. TAPPAN
Manager—E. BAKER

Outdoor Track Meet

Class championship won by 1915.

Captain—C. ROCKWELL

C. ROCKWELL E. COLT
E. BAKER A. L. WHITE
E. BALDERSTON L. CADBURY
I. PRITCHETT E. AYER
H. KIRK

Basket-Ball

Championship won by 1914.

Captain—E. BAKER

Manager—H. KIRK

L. COX L. CADBURY
E. BAKER H. CAREY
H. KIRK E. COLT
E. BALDERSTON

Second Team

Won by 1914.

Captain—E. WARREN

Manager—L. DELANO

L. DELANO E. ALLEN
A. MILLER C. ROCKWELL
E. AYER I. PRITCHETT
M. CAMP E. WARREN

Third Team

Won by 1914.

Captain—D. BECHTEL

Manager—M. ARTHURS

On Varsity Basket-Ball

E. BAKER H. KIRK

Subs—

L. CADBURY E. COLT

Senior Year

Offices Held by 1914 in the Year 1913-'14

President—LILLIEN COX

Vice-President—ELIZABETH BALDWIN

Secretary—CLEOS ROCKWELL

Students' Council—ETHEL DUNHAM, KATHARINE DODD

Self-Government Association. President—MARY COOLIDGE

Vice-President—IDA PRITCHETT

Advisory Board—CATHERINE CREIGHTON, MARGARET WILLIAMS, JANET BAIRD,
KATHARINE DODD

Undergraduate Association. President—LAURA DELANO

Christian Association. President—JOSEPHINE NILES

Athletic Association. President—LEAH CADBURY

Indoor Manager—ALICE MILLER

Lantern and Tipyn o'Bob. Editors-in-Chief—KATHARINE SERGEANT,
WINIFRED GOODALL

Editors—JEAN BATCHELOR (resigned), MARY COOLIDGE (resigned),
ELIZABETH ATHERTON

Business Manager—CATHERINE CREIGHTON

Assistant Business Manager—EDWINA WARREN

Trophy Club. President—LILLIEN COX. *Treasurer*—ELIZABETH BRYANT

English Club. President—HELEN SHAW, JEAN BATCHELOR, MARY COOLIDGE,
JEAN DAVIS, WINIFRED GOODALL, MARTHA HOBSON, KATHARINE SERGEANT,

EVELYN SHAW, MIRIAM WARD

Debating Club. President—KATHARINE DODD

Glee Club. Leader—ELIZABETH BALDWIN

*Equal Suffrage League. President—*ETHEL DUNHAM

*Advisory Board—*ELEANOR ALLEN

*Science Club. President—*ELLA OPPENHEIMER

*Philosophical Club. President—*JEAN BATCHELOR

*History Club. President—*MARGARET SEARS

*Treasurer—*MARY DOROTHY HUGHES

*Choir. Leader—*DOROTHY WESTON. *Organist—*CATHERINE WESTLING. ELEANOR

ALLEN, MARION CAMP, ELIZABETH COLT, ELIZABETH BALDWIN, ISABEL

BENEDICT, CLEOS ROCKWELL, MARGARET BLANCHARD, LILLIEN COX

*Chief Fire Captain—*LEAH CADBURY

Upper Ten

DODD, KATHARINE	89.700
HOBSON, MARTHA BARBOUR	85.800
SMITH, MARY CHRISTINE	85.152
SERGEANT, KATHARINE	85.110
WALLERSTEIN, RUTH COONS	84.638
WARD, MIRIAM ELSIE	84.380
BAIRD, MILDRED	83.938
OPPENHEIMER, ELLA	83.566
BAIRD, JANET	83.509
DELANO, LAURA	83.409

1914's Breaks

M. SOUTHARD, in answer to one question concerning the pope as pontiff in an examination of vital importance: "She was a great mastiff."

A. MILLER, on a biology paper: "The pig has webbed feet."

M. SOUTHARD, also in biology: "The rabbit lays eggs."

E. AYER, asked by Dr. Holbrook what variety of cake he should take, naively indicates a kiss, and says she prefers them.

M. CAMP, in a room full of people, refers to the play in the Second Hollow as "The Midwife's Tale."

E. LORD: "Ah, you see Josephine was born in the absence of both her parents."

A. MILLER, looking at the heavens: "Ah, what a marvellous salmon sky!" E. Shaw, correcting her: "You mean herring bone!"

E. DUNHAM, urged by a friend to leave the Plymouth house party a day early: "Oh, I can't desert the Camp."

E. AYER, being congratulated by Mary Pierce on 1914's first water polo victory: "I hope you'll surprise us tonight the way we surprised you."

L. COX, lunching at Mary Pierce's, unconscious of the chipped beef that was just appearing: "Thank goodness, we're not eating chipped beef for luncheon *this* Saturday."

SHIP, talking to Libby, the donor of an anonymous bunch of flowers just received: "Isn't it a *horrible* combination of colors? How *could* any one have thought of it?"

ANN LINDSAY, in an oral quiz in physics: "You measure the wave lengths by counting the nudes."

L. DELANO, after a long and heated discussion in Undergrad Meeting about the scale of living at Bryn Mawr: "It has been moved and seconded that the cost of living be lowered."

JEAN DAVIS, turning to a friend after 1917 had sung their Salamander song: "Is the Salamander really the symbol of college life?"

- M. COOLIDGE, exasperatedly, in the midst of wild voting: "There is no sense of this meeting." Miss —, do you wish to move that this motion be laid on the shelf?"*
- E. AYER, to Dorothy Weston at a song practice: "You're a mute, aren't you?"
- MAD, to Marianna a week before May Day: "What part have you in May Day, Marianna?"

Compiled by:

ALICE MILLER,
ELIZABETH AYER,†
LAURA DELANO,
AND OTHERS.

* The sub-editors note her peculiar feeling for Parliamentary speech even at this date.

† The editors note with regret the absence of some of Libby's brightest and best.

Senior Receptions

NO one invited me to write on this subject, but I will not allow the shortsightedness of the editor to hamper the success of the Class Book.*

I feel called upon to record something of the memorable hours through which, from my point of vantage on the red plush high-chair, I listened spell-bound to the thrilling reminiscences of my classmates, to tales of cooks, and nursery maids and younger brothers. Confessions of a personal nature were all the rage. Pritch used to sit close to Miss Thomas and whisper them confidentially into her ear. At least I always supposed her revelations were very personal, though we all would have considered it eavesdropping to try to hear what she was saying. But there were others who were more brazen. Once I was aroused from a lethargy (induced I suppose by my cup of grape-juice) to hear Pussy holding forth in the manner of the troubadours, as the *Tip* puts it:

“I like to pick four-leaf clovers,
And I like to wish on loads of hay,
And on falling stars,
And I like to”

but just then Cad broke in to tell how her butcher was cured of rheumatism.

I was surprised to find that some of us came to these intimate gatherings in an unworthy spirit. In fact one or two made themselves revoltingly conspicuous. For instance, one evening, “Four, eight, twelve,” Miss Thomas counted and then, her eye falling on the thirteenth, who was edging hungrily toward the door, she added graciously, “We will make an exception, Miss Dunham may go too.” We were all deeply mortified for Ethel.

My unwavering policy at Senior Receptions was to hold back and give other people a chance to talk. Miss Thomas made one attempt to draw me out, and failed. It was the topic that ruined the game. I was prepared to admit that my mother and father were Irish, but I had never been prying enough to examine into the personal history of the obsolete

*The editors considered the propriety of cutting out this statement as of an unduly personal and libelous nature.—EDITORS.

members of my family further back than the fourth generation. Fancy my mortification as I listened to my friends chat glibly on about their paternal grandmother's maternal great uncles who came to America just after the flood.

All who went to our last reception must feel proud when they recall the charming tribute we paid to Helen Hinde as she entered late with Cris. Showing that we knew what was due to the successful society woman from unsophisticated girlhood, as one man we rose to our feet and stood in respectful silence. Miss Thomas was not slow in following our courteous example.

Speaking of tributes, reminds me that one evening as we were leaving, I heard Miss Thomas say, "The prevailing color tonight seems to be pink, does it not?" The Senior to whom the remark was addressed was in startling green. In line behind her came six others in varying shades of the same color. Color blind? Certainly not—how stupid! Laura happened to be wearing her rose brocade.

HELEN CAREY.

Omitting the Fractions

I MAY as well confess at the start a fact which will soon enough become evident to my readers, namely—that the title of this article has been forced upon me. I have been told that it is to concern the upper ten. I hope that Miss Dimon never sees our Class Book, for she may sue someone for libel. And the title is inappropriate! How many of those who took Minor Biology under her sheltering care, and who remember the dread moment when she would swoop down and say, “Where is that cell, Miss ——?” will gain-say me?

For me, numbers have a powerful and mystic charm. It has been so ever since I sat in seat number 23 in the Bi. Lab., till I came 23d on the oral list. And the effects—they are almost too obvious to mention. I never saw an amœba, not even in Anne Lindsay’s telescope, next door; and I flunked my French oral. But the Math. sharks will be impatient, and will tell me that I am arguing beside the point, not having mentioned a fraction or suggested the existence of a decimal point. The truth is that fractions and such are a sore subject with me, for if the Office (the abstract term is always safer) had omitted a single figure in the sixth column to the right of the decimal point, I should not have arrived in that upper atmosphere where, obviously, I did not belong, but where I enjoy basking. I suppose it is because of my rather precarious existence on the upper side of the line, that I know so little about the first ten. At this point I must beg pardon of my co-students in politics, for this reference to a “line.” I realize that it, like the poverty line or the North Pole, is imaginary and hence non-existent.

There is a life work mapped out for each great intelligence. It is my duty to act as a prophet and a guide. Some special training is required for statistical work,—as for all else. I want the Bryn Mawr A. B.s, with their unwritten *cum laudes* to return to their Alma Mater, and there to perform a service. First a graph should be made showing the number of hours spent in the library gossiping, according to hall and class. Then we want a curve plotted to indicate the angle of inclination during prayer at all states during the four years.

Another diagram would show the number of Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors owning umbrellas. We might find out, too, the average and maximum number of novels read; the speed of wading through private reading; the popularity of various professors, etc., etc. It would be interesting to see if there is any periodicity in this last curve. A study of concomitant causes would accompany the graph. It is an inexhaustible and infinite field. Let my plea ring far and wide, and let it reach all whose intellects call them to the succor of future students. Let not those who come after us pass through life with their eyes blinded to the truth!*

Laura Delano.

* One editor, anxiously scanning these pages for the appropriate spot for a comment: "I don't see the place for the Sunny Jim joke."—OTHER EDITORS.

Juicy German

E*S ist bestimmt in Gottes Rat* and also in the *Rat* of Miss Thomas (this isn't an innuendo) *dass man muss ganz gut Deutsch haben von Manus Bryn Mawrensiun zu scheiden.*

When more than one hundred per cent of the readers of this article are *ipso facto* competent readers of French and German, departure from the vernacular is naturally not pedantic. To depart further, perhaps *Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten*, but a member of the Class of 1914 had the alternative of stammering through the first oral or of merely stammering during the first oral. If she does the first, in Pem East at least, she is *schrecklich* lonely, and if she doesn't stop at the second she and Mary Jeffers *eben so* meet in Cartreff. In both cases French and German go on forever. At this very moment *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* are probably marring the undergraduate memories of past and future days, and filling up undergraduate bottom desk drawers and trunk trays.

After many experiences of my own and other people's German I have at least learned various ways not to read the language of Goethe and Heine. How the latter could habitually read *Deutsch* and be popularly known as "Happy Heine" I cannot see! When you are admittedly an excellent reader, writer and speaker of English (even if you do lisp), and when you have all wisdom and all New England culture besides, the English and German vocabularies do differ, and Coole's third oral was too much a song without words to ring true. When you read about a man and a girl in the *Mondschein*, particularly if the man is Goethe, do not be so delicate that you gloss his conduct over with "handshake" as a translation. Neither Mr. Moore nor Miss Lasche would consider you wise enough for the wide world. Finally, do not forget to learn the key to the German language; it is not fit to print even in a Class Book and it got Anne Lindsay through her third oral!

CATHARINE CREIGHTON.

May Day

MAY DAY articles always have to begin with "To the May pole let us on!" So I just put in the line lest its absence jar you. It is, of course, a thing we never tire of! And May Day, *of course*, is always fresh and new—each time it comes around it awakens a fresh set of passions and emotions. Even for those who have participated in many May Days, new feelings were aroused by the 1914 fête. Even Mr. King, who berated fiancés, engaged committee members and love-sick mortals in general, was himself surprised into quite a new state of mind, we hear. It might have been a black velvet and gold costume that did it, who can tell? May Day costumes have been known to accomplish a lot ere this. (Note here, please, the quality of manners taught the heralds by their costumes. I might add here, too, that it *was* a disappointment to find that what we of the casting committee considered a perfect combination of beauty, voice, and tact in these same heralds did not make the desired effect, since a spectator was heard to remark of our slim-legged beauties as the procession passed, "*They* were chosen for height."

This digression leads me on to recall the worst agony of May Day—the disagreements of the committee on the subject of beauty. Of course the casting committee was thoroughly beautiful—that point was established the first night when each one of us on being given some peculiarly awful rôle was soothed with the remark, "Of course it's a pity to waste such a good-looking girl as you, Miss —, on that part, but then. . . ." We all got quite hardened, however, after that same first night when Miss Daly said, "Stand up, Hall, and let me look at you—you *are* good-looking." The worst struggles on beauty, however, came in the clash between the masculine and feminine point of view. When we poor females were assured that the homliest girl in college was "a type of beauty that appeals to men," *what could* we say? Even Feminism had no answer.

But the sufferings of the casting committee may not interest the rest of you. *You*

never suffered the agonies of rubbers and arctics that we did—nor experienced the awful fear of being caught on the campus on a wet day with only pumps on. May Day involved warm clothes, I assure you, for those who came in contact with its guiding light. That preceded the stage of medical advice. Why we weren't all put through a course of phosphates eventually, I don't see. Sickness was really almost as trying as Beauty, for once we agreed on the point of Beauty the college disagreed on the point of Health. But in the end all our feeblest companions seemed to hold down the star parts, and all our worst C's and D's were solo dancers, while all our husky mates did light frieze or mob work. Why, no one knows, except that the wonderful Daly-Oh wished it so, or because she'd promised. Of course no one died of the after effects, unless it was herself.

Rehearsals—Ah, those were the happy days. I grow quite sentimental with retrospection. Think of the devotion of the benign Furies (really their affection for each other and for their fallen brethren was touching). Think of the Merry Men and countless others who practised so faithfully “knee, thigh, shoulder, head!” (and falling never counted as exercise). Think of the ever-ready Snapper-Pants and the obliging Vanilla, so sane in her “madding” runs. Think of the mutes who practised songs so long in East basement. But I must curb my wandering sentiment. For all was not love and affection; I would not so misrepresent the college woman. Some of us learned *to hate*. Recall the classic outburst, “I hate that woman! I suppose she's your best friend, but I don't care. I hate her, not only in her part, but in every way. I just hate her!” If that is not the “proper purgation of the emotions,” I ask you what is?

For what May Day ought to have been consult *Ledgers*, *Times*, etc. “Robin Hood assembled his Merry Men on the green sward, Alexander wooed the fair Campaspe in the cloister, and around the May poles danced milkmaids, and chimney-sweeps in gala attire—for all was springtime joy or gayety on Bryn Mawr campus yesterday, where, against the fitting background of noble Jacobean towers and ivied walls, the best educated body of young women welcomed in the May.” For the rest consult your clippings.

What May Day really was, you know best yourselves. To some it meant an expanse of fat legs, to others sandals that pinched. It all depends on the angle of sight, we're told. The important thing is to get an interesting point of view, but for the life of me I can't settle on one definite point of view from which to consider May Day—it was all so exciting. So, I will have to stop writing or I'll be accused again of being Juliet's nurse, a garrulous old woman afflicted with "total recall."

KATHARINE SERGEANT.

The Aching Void, or Love me Love my Wife

THE aching void I refer to has nothing to do with college meals but, like the unremembered grave of some poor veteran, my white slab stood unlettered. 'Twas but the name of the Parisian Smith my course book lacked, the British Imperialist's stood firm and fine. For one long week I haunted grove and office but she was adamant. An inspiration came. The air was soft, the evening dark except for twinkling stars and lanterns dim. In the farthest corner of the gym roof, stood Dr. Smith surrounded by an admiring throng in gowns of charming colors. Summoning up my poor supply of nerve and courage I advanced falteringly, blushingly I asked the momentous question: "*Are you a reformed drunkard?*" The next day the course-book was signed and he wore my gardenia in his button-hole.

ANNE-LINDSAY WHITE.

One's Fiance as Others See Him

Scene.—Pembroke Dining Room. *Place.*—Senior Table. *Time.*—Lunch—any day.

*Speaking Parts:** Laura, Evelyn, Edwina.

LAURA.—Well, of all rotten exams.—the man himself didn't have any idea what he was talking about. Put in a few long words like "preferably" and "differentiate" just to make himself appear intelligent—and as a lecturer, that lazy Dewey, who never does a stroke of work, is an absolute failure.

EVELYN.—And of all rude men I've ever seen—he doesn't know what manners are.

LAURA.—You should have seen him simper when I asked him for a picture. He is conceited enough to think I really wanted it.

EDWINA.—And you know, counting that he gets fifteen hundred a year, why the poor man only gets twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents a week. Why, that's not enough for one person to live on!

EVELYN.—Well, he seems to be able to enjoy himself. Gave ——— an awful rush. Just sat for hours in the New Book Room waiting for her to appear.

LAURA.—And you know to meet a girl at the Merion Cricket Club one night, and cut all his classes the next day to go to New York with her!

EDWINA.———— Made an awful hit with him too. She calls him Fred. He gave her a mad rush in New York *all* the Easter vacation.

LAURA.———— He has gone for good now. No! He has special permission to get out of commencement—of course he wouldn't want to be here. He abominates all Seniors!†

ELIZABETH BRALEY.

* This is absolutely authentic, except that to prevent one person from having too lengthy a part the speeches have been evenly divided.—AUTHOR.

† This note is added by Creight and Mad as a prophecy:

"And when we wake, we're always waked by Mary
She's knocking on the tick of eight.
And when we sweep, we're always sweeping trifles,
Right down into the kitchen grate,
And when we eat, we get our meat from Mary
And never dare to eat our fill—
Though we both teach, funds may not reach
Enough for Mary Jeffer's—bill!"

Bon Fire:

ONE evening early in the spring Mad came over to my room to collaborate with me in writing the history song. Naturally, we didn't write since we had met for that purpose, but we talked about Bon Fire. We made elaborate plans which somehow never sounded quite so funny again. Some we carried out to a hackneyed conclusion; others were discarded after the committee had sat upon them. (Of course, the best of all were those you didn't see.) I grew more and more interested as the time drew near; the splendor of Garden Party and Conferring of Degrees paled before the splendor of our Bon Fire. Mentally, I saw a procession of wonderfully costumed animals led by the policemen wending its way amidst the cheers of the common herd to the lower hockey field where bon-fire and red lights set off the stunts in a blaze of glory. Stunt followed stunt in rapid succession, while the clowns kept up a running fire of wit and humor. Entranced by this vision, I briefly—far too briefly—outlined my scheme. Mad, Chris, Laura and Ship each had a stunt to manage; between each stunt; Ethel was to present the clowns in a skit, short but intensely humorous. This much the managers were told to do and this much they did. I unconsciously had reserved for myself the part of running the show as a whole. I assured everyone that a clown would tell them exactly what to do: when they were to start, when they were to stop, and she would interpret to the multitude their every motion. With seven-league boots, I could not have accomplished all that this clown, meaning myself, had promised to do. The successful features of Bon Fire night were due entirely to the managers of the stunts; its failures, to the missing link.

I'll give Lill's account of Bon Fire as recounted to me, *ad verbatim*:

"When I got over to Pem the procession seemed to be forming all right, so I went up to the policemen and said: 'Of course, you know where to march and the place to stop.' They hadn't the faintest idea! They said a clown was going to start them, show them the way and stop them. I grabbed the first clown I saw and told her to get on to her job.

She said it wasn't hers but must be Ethel's. Et didn't know a thing about it, but we had to start."

"I never told them," I weakly acknowledged.

"Oh, well, we didn't know where we were going, but we were on our way. Only by the time we reached the top of the hill I realized the bon-fire wasn't going. Just then Et passed me at top speed yelling a clown was supposed to tell the men to light it. It blazed up at once and we started around the field. It's a wonder we aren't parading still. We were on our third lap around the field when somebody stopped the procession. Then we all crowded together, and I called out for the Pembroke stunt. They said a clown was to start them."

"Mad's was to come first, but I hadn't told her that," I murmured.

"Well, nothing happened; I waited for hours, then I called for Denbigh stunt."

"It should have come last of all. I am glad they didn't burn the flunky then," I said, thankful for small mercies.

"Oh, nothing happened; they just looked at each other and no one stirred. I tracked down one stunt to Merion, but they said they couldn't do anything without Chris. So we had a class meeting. I asked if there was *anyone* who could do a stunt and Mad came to the rescue with a motion about lions. After that it wasn't so bad. Thank goodness, only two more days left!"

ELIZABETH LORD.

Athletic Teams and Records—Senior Year

Tennis Singles

Class championship won by 1915.

Captain—E. DUNHAM

Manager—E. AYER

A. MILLER	E. BALDWIN
E. AYER	E. BRYANT
I. PRITCHETT	

Tennis Doubles

Class championship won by 1914.

A. MILLER	E. BALDWIN
E. AYER	E. BRYANT
I. PRITCHETT	I. BENEDICT

Hockey

Championship won by 1914.

Captain—L. CADBURY

Manager—E. BAKER

H. KIRK	E. COLT
A. MILLER	E. ALLEN
C. ROCKWELL	A. L. WHITE
H. CAREY	L. COX
M. CAMP	R. BIXLER

Hockey Second Team

Won by 1914

Captain—C. ROCKWELL

Manager—E. WARREN

E. WARREN	E. BRYANT
C. ROCKWELL	E. AYER
M. SEARS	W. BOARDMAN
C. ALLPORT	K. SERGEANT
C. BROWN	M. HAINES

Hockey Third Team

Captain—C. BROWN

On Hockey Varsity

H. CAREY	L. CADBURY
A. MILLER	R. BIXLER
<i>Subs</i> —	
L. COX	A. L. WHITE
E. BAKER	C. ROCKWELL

Swimming Meet

Won by 1917.

Captain—K. SHIPPEN

Manager—E. COLT

L. COX	K. SHIPPEN
E. BAKER	K. DODD
E. COLT	L. CADBURY
A. L. WHITE	R. WALLERSTEIN
I. BENEDICT	C. ALLPORT

Water Polo

Class championship won by 1915.

Captain—K. SHIPPEN

Manager—E. COLT

L. COX	K. SHIPPEN
E. COLT	L. CADBURY
E. BAKER	M. COOLIDGE
A. L. WHITE	

Second Team Water Polo

Captain—C. ALLPORT

Manager—E. BAKER

On Water Polo Varsity

E. COLT	L. COX
K. SHIPPEN	
<i>Sub</i> —A. L. WHITE	

Track Meet

Won by 1915.

Captain—C. ROCKWELL

L. CADBURY	H. KIRK
E. BAKER	E. WARREN
E. BALDERSTON	I. PRITCHETT
M. BLANCHARD	H. CAREY
C. ALLPORT	C. ROCKWELL

Basket-Ball

Class championship won by 1914.

Captain—E. BAKER

Manager—H. KIRK

E. BAKER	E. BALDERSTON
L. COX	H. KIRK
L. CADBURY	E. COLT
H. CAREY	

On Basket-Ball Varsity

E. BAKER, *Captain*

E. BALDERSTON	L. COX
H. KIRK	

Subs—

L. CADBURY	E. COLT
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Second Team Basket-Ball

Won by

Captain—E. WARREN

Manager—E. AYER

L. DELANO	E. ALLEN
A. MILLER	C. ROCKWELL
E. AYER	I. PRITCHETT
E. WARREN	

Third Team

Captain—D. BECHTEL

“The Common Herd”

“The Senior Green”

“IT flees and we pursue forever.” This, our motto, we know does not apply to the rouge-pot, but, aside from its original vague implication of happiness, we have with delightful irresponsibility left it for whoever will to interpret. By using it here in connection with 1911 I mean to indicate one interpretation which is not, I hasten to state, the obvious one, flattering as that may be to 1911. I elect to apply it—more abstractly—to *Seniorial Dignity*, which was first made known to us by 1911, and which we have been pursuing to a degree ever since. But now that our supreme opportunity has passed and we have our degrees, we wonder where the *Seniorial Dignity* came in. A bit of private research in regard to this has enabled me to present to you as a physical fact the true explanation of *Seniorial Dignity*. Perceived by underclassmen, it is merely a case of anomalous dispersion of high lights.

Speaking broadly, “anomalous dispersion” is the scientific expression of the Philosophical theory that things are not what they seem. Further elucidated, it means that what we see may not be what is, because the light in traveling to us has been heterogeneously refracted by the various gases which go to make up the intervening atmosphere, according to their different coefficients of absorption. The essential ear-mark of this effect is an unusual predominance of green in the observed spectra. This last condition is indisputably filled by 1911. Let me now explain (by examples) the processes of dispersion producing this result.

In the first place, the source of light itself was exceptionally brilliant and widespread,—from Helen Tredway’s average, and Catherine Delano Grant’s memory, and H. P.’s poetry to Prussie’s acting and Scottie’s conversation and May Egan’s hair,—little needing any dispersion.

But each hall had its atmosphere through which, to reach us, as Freshmen, these lights had to pass. This, I believe, was rather heavy in East. (My only evidence is a recollected rumor of a search after some *esprit* to match the *corps* already there.) West

was beginning to lose, even at that early date, any refined air it may have had. A concentration of *Studium* in the *Rock* Zone made it rather difficult to penetrate, while Merion had plenty of spicy atmosphere but no Seniors.

Proceeding with my physical analysis, the rays of light are then refracted according to the coefficients of absorption of the constituent gases of these atmospheres. In Merion, of course, the refractory element was caused by the complete lack of any coefficient of absorption whatever. In the play entitled the "Gasing of the First Floor East," the problem of the reciprocal effect of the fumings there is thoroughly dealt with, in spite of the fact that it was impossible to get the spectrum of East untinged by the so-called arc of Coolidgium propagated from a spark of true intellegence (cf. H. Carey, "The nicest girl in college"). There could be found no evidence of the effect of the dispersion of *Seniorial Dignity* in Rock owing to the predominantly strong absorption bands in the region of 1912 or light blue. Denbigh's strong green influence was counterbalanced, though not completely, by a marked broadening of the "Ive" line in dark blue. (But this was rather green itself and did not last long.) In West of course the correspondence of the very tall, thin, dark delanium lines increased the absorption in the green. Personally, I observed some (rather) enhanced lines in the West spectrum, due, I am told, to my own particularly large coefficient of absorption. However, a walker in my way of life is necessarily absorbing.

Thus we find that *Seniorial Dignity*, having passed through these various mediums, need not emerge as it began. It may even emerge where it never began (ref. A. L. W.). But, however it is dispersed on the way, its spectrum, for us at least, is always characterized by the green—1912 followed so soon upon 1911 that we were still seeing green. 1913 was, and naturally, the negative after-image of 1911. And 1914—well, we find ourselves still green enough, goodness knows, now that we must face the "wide, wide world." But as for *Seniorial Dignity*, we can only hope that classes below us judge it by a standard less severe than that set us by 1911, or, at least, that some of us have so far attained the ideal that with considerable dispersion spectrum, too, 1914's may show strong lines in the green.

EVELYN W. SHAW.

“Our Sister Class Light Blue”

CAREY has just suggested a dozen subjects, more or less, for me to write this essay about. She even offered to do it for me herself, on the theory that if *I* wanted anything well done I had better let someone else do it. I've decided to hang on to the job myself, however, because there is something I've always wanted to say, and now seems to be my golden opportunity. I've always wanted to justify my rather critical attitude towards 1912. But I want to say right here that they deserve my opprobrium. They injured my deepest feelings. This is how it happened. If you'll believe it, they asked me to a sleeping party. They actually did, along with the rest of Merion. I packed my prettiest nightgown, my best wrapper, and borrowed a flagrantly new and gorgeous boudoir cap. I even went so far as to snatch a presentable pair of bedroom slippers, and I went, holding Christine's hand. We arrived at about 10.20 and 1912 East greeted us in the hall. Still clinging to Christine I talked to them in the hall for possibly ten minutes. Then they led Christine and me to what was to be our room. I was overjoyed that I was to sleep with my own room-mate, and 1912 went up ten points in my estimation for having the insight and modesty to see what I should prefer. Nevertheless I was a bit surprised and upset. I would never have bothered about that new ribbon in my nightgown just for Christine! I undressed and donned my gorgeous and borrowed evening outfit, and still hanging on to Christine, sat down to wait for events. Nothing happened! Minutes passed, a half hour, an hour. Christine and I became exceedingly sleepy, but we rallied and kept awake, resolved to be faithful to our imagined tryst at whatever cost. 1912 should find us worthy at any rate. At twelve o'clock we decided to take tubs and emerged into the halls that were as quiet as a tomb. I tubbed with Christine, came back to our room, fondly kissed her goodnight and went to bed.

I can't finish this, for I'm overcome with emotion. You would be yourself if you had borrowed that boudoir cap and had the time I had wheedling it away from its owner, and then never seen your hostesses till nine the next morning. Then, with the fruits of an hour's

labor in running ribbons, mending and borrowing, all packed safely away, I bumped into one of them. "How did you sleep?" she asked, and from the depths of my poor outraged heart I answered, "Just as well as if I had been at home!"

HELEN H. HINDE.

“The Charms of a Chanticleer”

“A blue-bird can never
Forget forever
The charms of a chanticleer.”

THE trouble with 1913 always was that it was impossible to insult them. They insulted me twice in their Class Book and now, with the best chance in the world to pay back old scores, I can conceive of no adequate form of revenge. They are given to receiving our worst reproaches as compliments.

I remember that my first correct notions of 1913 were given me by Alice Ames. We had been watching Lillien “Coxing it down the pool,” when Alice turned to me pleasantly and said, “Yes, she does it quite well. It’s too bad Henny made records last year that nobody can ever break.”

“Can’t anybody ever break them?” I asked innocently.

“Of course nobody can ever break them,” Alice replied indignantly, “Henny made them!”

And then when Lill did break them—first the record for once down the pool and back, which Alice said she won by doubling up in a queer way at the spouting end of the pool, and then the record for once down—I felt as if we had laid a ghost in the mythical personage of Eleanor Elmer. Yet even then 1913 didn’t seem particularly insulted; and how can you hope to insult a class which isn’t insulted even when its best ghost is ruthlessly destroyed?

I remember a number of similar experiences. Why just this spring when 1913 made its first attempt at reuning, I said to Nat, “Well, we didn’t think *you* would be singing all over the campus during the evenings of finals!” And instead of being insulted Nat only said very meekly that they had thought they sang quite inconspicuously. Now how otherwise did she think they ever sang?

But I might say for 1914 that we are great at reducing 1913’s processes to a *reductio*

ad absurdum. 1913, at its last class meeting, instead of electing the conventional two permanent class officers, elected three. And now haven't we of 1914 got six! How much cleverer of us! Have we at last insulted them, do you suppose?

MARY L. COOLIDGE.

“Things so Green”

I SHOULD like to write a very nice article about 1915; they were the first class to be polite to us in college and they were polite to us for three years. Moreover they are presidents of things now after the bright pattern that our presidents have shown them—but I would not be condescending.

Going back over the *Road to Yesterday*, I strive to remember what are the things I cannot forget about 1915. They seem to be entirely of an athletic tint; 1915 had heads, and brains, and beauty, but all these were dominated by their arms and legs. We had parties with them sometimes—I may more properly say we had parties *for* them—and they were always hockey parties at the tea-house, or water-polo parties in somebody's room, or basket-ball picnics.

1915 studied a great deal. You could see them all with their heads stuck into their desks and their arms sticking out ostentatiously with dark-blue arm-bands on them. Beany Baker used to say she'd rather study out-doors in the springtime, and I could see her point—that silence and those dark-blue arm-bands, pieced out with a pin because those muscles made their arms too big to fit. Sometimes they took their heads out of their desks and put them together and made plans about how they would “do it,” or discussed how they had “done it,” which was even worse. Then Coolie made me library proctor, especially to stop this sort of thing, and I brought a threatening silence down upon them all—all but Enid and Mary Goodhue. But I couldn't prevent them from sticking out their elbows and arm-bands—that was not within my proctorial scope.

But these were not the important things about 1915; 1915's real self wore hockey clothes and bathing suits, and its habitat was the hockey field and the pool. Its personnel was Mary Morgan rolling in the dust and Harriet Bradford roaring on the sidelines about how green they were, and that they were 1915, lest by any chance we did not

know; and Marie Keller and M. G. Brownell making hideous the surging pool.* This was 1915 as we knew them, and they were terrible. For the statistics of what we did to them and what they did to us, see our athletic records at the back of this book.

KATHARINE B. SHIPPEN.

* "I think that's nice," said Ship complacently, "I thought of it right away."—EDITOR.

“The Fond Fool Flock”

THIS purports to be an essay on the Class of 1916, but I wish it distinctly understood from the outset that I did not choose the title.* Furthermore, I think it is insulting.

Therefore, though I believe I am supposed to be writing a character study, I am going to change it into a “recitative” (accents marked according to Milton).

“Poór Nineteen-síxteen ón the gó;
Néver a chánce for wéeds to grów,
Under their toés that tríp so light
Fór Nineteen-fóurteen mórn and night.
Néver an hoúr of peáce, or quáiet,
Blésses their dáys so fúll of riót.
Nów they must fíll May báskets trim,
Nów they must décoraté the gym,
Givé us a pártý, wríte a song,
Sing to us, chéer us lóud and lóng.
Thís just becaúse Tradition ásk, s,
Of Sophomore Clásses súch like tásk, s;
So Nineteen-fóurteen thánks them fór
Wáys they have hélped us át Bryn Máwr.
Bút—if we’d hád anóther náme,
Wóuld they háve lóved us júst the sáme?”

For the above effusion I can only apologize. It arises out of a question which occurred to me some time ago: If you let a Freshman class into college without telling it who were its Juniors, its best friends—which class would it pick out to love hardest? However, I blush for this piece of rank heresy. Let me only add that 1916 seems to me to have been remarkably faithful, after the manner of the devoted family of Captain Reece, to a possibly painful duty, and on all occasions to have “attended there as they were bid.” So I move that a vote of thanks be given to the retiring Sophomore class.

IDA PRITCHETT.

* Quotation from accompanying letter: “Here is your beastly article, I hope you find it more amusing than Lill did. Her only comment was that some of the words were spelled wrong, and you won’t even appreciate that, I am afraid!”—EDITORS.

"Sing a Song of Freshmen"*

COOLEY'S advice to me on starting this essay is, "Write an awfully short one because you can say we know nothing about them." Ship says, looking with a far-away expression back through misty ages to the days when 1917 sported as Freshmen at Bryn Mawr, "Tall and stately—that's all they were—largeness of size—they never *did* much." I myself have to confess to frank ignorance as to our youngest and gayest sister and therefore it is comforting to let you know that two of my august colleagues are equally vague on the subject.

If it is true that to know them was to love them, then it also holds that not to know them was to hate them. You *couldn't* like them when they cluttered up the hall at times when you didn't want to see anyone but your own friends and people you knew. They were always calling on and being invited to tea by other people, so that even if you never asked them into your own room you were always running into them in your friends' rooms. Their conversation in the tea-pantry and while tubbing made you painfully aware of what you must have sounded like three years ago, and you squirm as you remember declaiming in a similar vein to your friends with Roz Mason in the next tub overhearing all.

We kept our Freshmen down very well in West—we never had any of the sort of guerilla warfare that went on, according to report, at least, in Denbigh. They revered the great Delano and trembled before K. Sergeant, and they *never* wandered into any of our rooms even to borrow. The Freshman who lived next door, however, I knew before she came to college, and from her I gathered numbers of interesting and secret sidelights on the members and workings of the class. Many of these I vowed never to reveal, and most of them I have forgotten, but it really doesn't matter; there will be the same things said about the Freshmen of next year, and the next year, and the next. My Freshman, however, despised the unassuming inhabitants of West and played only with the Big Beauty Bunch of East so I gathered but little home news from her. Only once did our

* The editors realize too late that justice—or perhaps mercy—could have been done to this subject only by Mad. or K. Dodd.—ED.

relations with 1917 West become directly personal, and that was on the glorious night of the Thousand Tooth Brushes. I need not tell the tale again—all have heard it—how the battle raged up and down the midnight halls, how we forced them inch by inch around the corner and into the bath-room passage, how Cary with a fierce joy in her eye, her old gray bath robe flying wide, grappled like a lioness with Romaine McIlvaine outside the door, how we ran the tubs full of cold water and pushed them in. It was our first and last encounter with them when we met them as class to class, though not a strictly social gathering. “Hazing threatens our degrees”—that is the brief mention of it in the Minority Report, but in the bare words lies a deeper meaning than any know who were not there, or who did not hear the delightful little Self-gov. talk afterwards.

Well, we all have to be Freshmen once, I suppose, but when I survey the prospect of what I think we *were** and what I know they *are*, I thank Heaven that Freshmen year, at least, while it is a gay life is a short one.

HELEN SHAW.

* See page 19.

The Housing Problem

Radnor and Rebelry

(Edited with notes by Anon and Ibid.)

"From far away we come to you,
The snow on the street and the wind at the door,
To tell of great tidings, strange and true,
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor!"

'TIS yet two hours before dusk and busy feet clatter along the stone paved corridors (painted floor). Out into the nipping cold go jolly lads (skirts over their bloomers) to fetch in the Yule log (borrowed for the evening from Miss Reed). Ruddy cheeked maids (the decorating committee) scatter in the nearby woods (Vaux prohibited—village preferred) to gather Christmas greens wherewith to decorate the raftered hall (*i. e.*, chandeliers). Among the green and red of the holly the pale white berries of the mistletoe lie concealed, a snare set by the bashful lover (the Freshman) to catch the unwary maid (the Senior).

Meantime in gay apparel a merry crowd assembles in the shadowy hall lit only by the glow from the blazing logs (coal only burned in halls of residences) and the flickering light from the sconces on the walls ("we have our own electric plant, the gift of Mr. Rockefeller"). There are the lord and lady of the feast in their glittering silks and sparkling jewels which reflect on their every facet the leaping flames on hearth and wall. Further down the hall, a rustic clad in green jerkin and cape and high-topped boots, giggles bashfully with a simpering country lassie in flowered chintz. (cf. Property Room, Denbigh, fourth floor.)

A sound of distant voices hushes the gay murmur which fills the hall:

"From far away we come to you,"

and the yokels singing, drag the Yule log over the rush strewn floor (suspended on ropes

to save the new first floor carpet). As they approach, the great doors into the feasting hall are flung wide and all the gay company flock to the groaning tables. There is a smell of roasted meat as the cook proudly bears in the boar's head (made of a waste-paper basket and brown cambric).

“The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you, my masters, be merry.
Quot estis in convivio,
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.”

Toasts are drunk from foaming bumpers of country ale (lemonade); songs and revelry wear out the night. (Quiet hours begin at 10.30.)

Thus, in the good old days (1910-1914), did Radnor bring in Christmas, with Momus's high feast.

JANET AND MILDRED BAIRD.

Merion and Migration

THERE are certain men, descendants of Cain and Ishmad, whose fate it is to wander always upon the face of the earth seeking for they know not what. In Freshman year there were quite a few of these wanderers in Merion, and for one whole year we played and sang and danced and never thought of studying or examinations. And we made up songs and sang with all our might:

“Oh, Merion’s the hall for me, for me;
Oh, Merion’s the hall for me.”

But the instinct of the race is stronger than the individual, and at the end of the year the *Wander Lust* drove the fated forth on their wanderings. One went to find a soulmate in Pem. East. One went because her mother said that college was for study and so she could not live in Merion. Another went because Pem. West was more intellectual—Merion’s favorite reading being the *Ladies’ Home Journal* and Robert W. Chambers’ latest “*Riller*.” We mourned their loss, but welcomed a quieter atmosphere.

Another year slipped by and again the eager question of Merion—or migration—stirred the air. Most of us chose Merion, but some, the last remaining of the wandering tribes, said farewell and went to seek those who had gone before. We who sat behind would often wonder how those far travelers fared, and sometimes rumors of their lives would reach us. Strange rumors they were, often, of one who had gone out idle and was washing dishes in Pem. West, of tea-house bills and of birthday suppers at Mrs. Miller’s. And sometimes we doubted, and thought perhaps the wanderers had chosen best. Perhaps they were the ones who had caught the vision, while we sat still in Haran. But we noted that on hall-tea days they would all return to drink our chocolate and eat the sandwiches that could be found only in Merion. Then they would linger long and go home sad. And when we’d gather around a glowing fire, with apples and marshmallows ready to toast, and tell heart secrets

until late into the night, then we would pity those whom fate had driven forth from Merion.
And under our breath—so the proctor wouldn't catch us—we would hum,

“Oh, Merion's the hall for me, for me;
Oh, Merion's the hall for me.”

Poor exiles! Haran is a most comfortable place.

MARJ AND CRIS,
Per J. N.*

* What more natural!—EDITORS.

Domestic Denbigh

I ONCE asked the Denbigh Freshmen whether they were feminine or feministic. "Feminine!" they cried, as if with one voice. Much surprised at such a reply in the face of Friday chapel-talks, I wondered what college institution could be responsible for their attitude. Surely the atmosphere of Denbigh was not peculiarly favorable to *res feminae*.

Just at that moment a faint, vaguely familiar hum of machinery rising over a hubbub of voices caught my ear. It came from a Senior suite, and I paused at the door, astonished at the sight which met my eyes. Yards and yards of bright orange stuff covered the window-seat, tissue-paper patterns and lavender muslin lay on one desk, and on the other wonder of wonders, sat a sewing-machine. As for the rest of the room, I got only a vague impression of threads on the floor and many Seniors sewing. Then I knew why the Freshmen had said: "Feminine"; it was simply because they lived in Domestic Denbigh.

In fact, one of the greatest achievements of 1914 Denbigh was our system of co-operative housekeeping. We kept all our cups and saucers and pots and pans in Eugenia's bedroom in two washstands and a big black china cupboard. Solemnly we consecrated them to the common use. All too common use, as it proved, for all the other classes, and even the graduates, came to know of our storehouse and got the habit of coming there for bread-knives and fudge-pans. At first we were in despair over this state of things and meditated desperate measures. Then one day we discovered that far from decreasing, our store was growing larger day by day. Every ownerless thing in the hall came back to us, because if we did not know it to be ours it always might be. "To him that hath shall be given." Daily we grew richer.

We worked out a scheme by which each of us supplied one article of food to be always on hand for everyone. Mine were lemons and I began by stowing away a goodly dozen.

But from our wealth came confusion and disorder: window-seat and chairs in Eugenia's bedroom were piled high, the table was a mountain, the floor a jungle, in the daytime the

bed was hidden from sight. Evidently something must be done. One long grim Sunday we cleaned house. The results were good; the details I have been ordered to forget. Only one sad spectacle shall I mention here: a dozen lemons dried up in a row.

From that time on our housekeeping was neat and orderly, and I have no doubt was influential in giving a domestic tone to Denbigh. Its influence, perhaps, has not died with us. For as I left the other day, the last sight I saw was Eugenia standing before the still well-filled shelves and I heard her say with unconscious humor:

"Well, now everyone has taken her own things, I suppose we may as well leave the rest for 1916."

DOROTHEA BECHTEL.

The Gasing of the First Floor East

Morality Play in Two Scenes.

SCENE I. *Spacious, well-lighted corridor between rows of white enamel slat doors, marble basins at end, above which hangs French glass. Framed print hangs near mirror with the words "1914 knows that ladies will, and requests that others shall, scrub out the tubs and hang up the mats."*

(Enter two Freshmen lightly clad in web-like night-gowns and silk kimonos.)

FIRST FRESHMAN *(removing kimono)*.—Sister will take all my beaux this winter, I'll bet. Honestly, doesn't it make you tired, this cloistered life.

SECOND FRESHMAN.—How can anyone bear four years as a skulking idiot; it's more than I can guess. I am so used to getting off walks for upperclassmen that I stepped down yesterday for two dogs and a grocery boy!

(Enter impressive-looking Senior, woolily appareled, who gazes in horror at gauzily clad Freshmen, who smile unconsciously back. Senior enters one of slat doors, above which her wooly wrapper eventually appears. Constrained silence on part of Freshmen. Enter second Senior fully dressed.)

SECOND SENIOR *(recognizing wooly wrapper)*.—Anassa Kale, I see you are tubbing.

FIRST SENIOR.—Have those immoral, indecent, and naïve Freshmen left?

(Freshmen seize kimonos and rush out sobbing.)

SECOND SENIOR.—Leila, how could you?

SCENE II. *Same as Scene I.*

(Enter same Freshmen, one clad in heavy bathrobe, goloshes, night-cap, and gloves; the other wearing a rain-coat buttoned about chin, boudoir cap, high rubber boots. They wash only exposed parts.)

FIRST FRESHMAN.—But our Juniors say that the Seniors really didn't mean to be insulting; 1911 are fine women.

SECOND FRESHMAN.—“Immoral and indecent” I could have borne—but “naïve!” Now you know that that is too much!

FIRST FRESHMAN.—Wish they would come in now and see us. Guess we are decent enough now. “Dirty but decent” shall be my motto!

(Enter woolily wrapped Senior, and catches sight of Freshmen. Sudden choking causes her hasty withdrawing.)

FRESHMEN TOGETHER.—She didn’t even look approving!

Curtain.

MADELEINE FLEISHER.

In the Shrine and Out

TO 1914 who do not live in Pem. West (unfortunate creatures) "*The Inner Shrine*" may connote nothing, and it is for their benefit that we take up our pens to disclose the workings of that austere group.

From the Inside Looking Out.

In the first place, be it known that the members of the so-called *Inner Shrine* had nothing whatever to do with the naming of the organization, nor did they segregate themselves from the rest of mankind by any title whatsoever.

From the Outside Looking In.

Indeed there was no need of manufacturing a title. To outsiders Pem. West may have seemed a happy family. Fourteen hearts beating in harmony and that was true, but—only six there were that beat as one. Those six did not need to proclaim themselves! *Inner Shrine* was writ upon each face, and more especially on each laundry trunk.

From the Inside Looking Out.

It is very true, my dear friends, that laundry trunks did come, that within there was enough, or rather nearly enough, food for six fairly hungry girls but no more. But, alas, be it said that the six slow, sombre shriners—the so-called shriners who inhabited certain homes in Pembroke West—were not really vital to the happiness of the rest of 1914, and were therefore forced into their supposedly select circle.

From the Outside Looking In.

One hates to tell one's neighbor that she is a disciple of Ananias, but this article must descend to posterity and therefore truth will out. Had the rest of Pem. West wished to shun the shrine from personal aversion they must surely from politic reasons have sought to ingratiate themselves, for frequent laundries have undying charm! They sought—but in vain! Food for six admits no seventh!

But to come to the point, what is the *Inner Shrine*? To give a concise definition is impossible. Inner Shrineness is only in the air. Thus one sniffs a quiet commotion in

the pantry. On making a frantic rush for the dining room at six forty-five, and upon inadvertently seeing a member in *dégagé* costume one shouts from the kindness of one's heart:

"You've only a quarter of a minute."

Then it is one sees by a far-away look in the member's eye that one has made a mistake. The member has many minutes. The table appears surprisingly empty and East blatantly inquires:

"Did all West miss out?"

"All West that is coming is here," one replies with dignity, and changes the subject.
From the Inside Looking Out.

That's all very well, but—— How did this state of affairs come about? That is the grave and serious question. Freshman year there was no *Inner Shrine*! There were, however, six shy, unassuming girls who could find shelter in one another. When uninvited by the rest of the world they made the best of an unpleasant situation and found comfort among themselves and consolation in their laundries. As was quite natural hearts' secrets were poured out and the bond grew firmer and the knot became tighter and then——
From the Outside Looking In.

Rumor has it that the society may be found sitting well into the night discussing why all the affairs of the nation are wrong. *Fama est* also that a little gentle criticism may be obtained from every member of the party upon every other member of the party's clothes, faults or general conduct. Of this I know nothing, but sometimes I lie awake in my bed trembling lest my name be mentioned in that dread conference. Now, however, all is changed! The real nature, the sunny nature, of the lovely-limbed member of the society has shown itself. At last we are all at peace.

From the Inside Looking Out.

It is very true that all things are discussed. Nothing escapes untouched! But as we in this year, 1914, look back upon our three years here, we see that the world has become really better, under the keen criticism of the *Inner Shrine* and its intellectual vestals.

Yes, the world is better and no longer have the shriners any duty to perform. 1914 has become perfect and all—Pembroke West at least—are eligible to the rights, privileges and dignities of the *Inner Shrine*.

From the Outside Looking In.

Humbly, we thank your majesties.

From the Inside Looking Out,

MARY EDWINA WARREN.

From the Outside Looking In,

MARION CAMP.

Rock and Righteousness

THERE are many things which are peculiar to Rock; for instance, the triangle which Thomas beats assiduously at 6.45 each morning, running water in the rooms (water running all over the rooms during the winter) and omelettes on request for breakfast, but Righteousness, as a unique and distinguishing characteristic, there is not. To be sure, we have our Pritch and Fritz, but Merion has its "little Christian Jo."

Each day as we ran the gauntlet of Pem. West windows under the running fire of criticism and insult, in righteous indignation we disclaimed any trace of righteousness in our character. In fact, to hear our scintillating repartee punctuated by olive pits one might think we were well on the downward path instead of on our way to class-meeting. Yet the reputation for righteousness ungrounded as it was, still clung to us. By Senior year, delegates from various halls were sent to investigate the conditions in Rockefeller, social not academic, on which they were to report each morning. No matter what affairs were being discussed on the platform, our affairs were being discussed publicly on the floor. Jean, Marge, K. Dodd, Marion and Edwina one at a time, took a cursory view of the situation and found none of the serious conditions which rumor had led them to expect. Libby, self-appointed chairman of the investigating committee, always questioned the delegate of the day as soon as she entered chapel, "How do you like living in Rock?"

This leading question which Lib stoutly maintained could not be heard though the chapel reverberated with the words, was invariably answered in tones equally audible:

"Not bad, they'll talk to you in the evening, they don't get up awfully early, and they have omelettes for breakfast."

It should be noticed that this report corroborated by all the delegates, makes no mention of righteousness; in fact, we are rather damned with faint praise. There was, however, one phase of our life which may be characterized by righteousness. It has been said that "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast;" in our attitude toward animals, I feel we have a true claim to righteousness. In other halls people spent hours

cooking rich meals for themselves; Ethel on the third floor of Dalton spent hours preparing broth for her paroemiciu and when life was extinct in her little embryo pig she cut him up for microscope slides which are her most cherished possessions. Bennie had a little gray kitten which she encouraged to visit her. It had an "adorable" trick of leaping playfully on her bed at 4.30 A. M. Through the Rockefeller maze by trial and error method it sought her room. "Adorable!" This year we were blessed with Schatz Either Orr. Schatz had a playful habit of nipping people. He nipped the valiant watchman who boldly charged on him with his gun and then charged Helvetia for damages; he nipped the timid Hannah when she swept him out from under the bed. At length he was banished from the campus to save *his* life and we secretly grieved for our treasure, but when news of his death reached the college, those "who loved him" were invited to publicly mourn in verse and song at a pseudo-funeral. His friends increased in number as word that ice cream was to be served to the faithful spread over the campus. The day of the funeral arrives, and the whole campus after the inspiring example set by Rock, becomes righteous and regardeth the life of its beasts. Centipedes and mice have always interested us in the halls of residence, but now the campus pets, Hellehund and kittens, too, are commemorated in verse and song.

ELIZABETH LORD.

Epilogue

NOW the story's over,
And now the story's done,
But ere falls shut the cover

Declare it every one:
That 'twas a tale so blended,
Of Pallas so befriended
Would it need not be ended
Before the set of sun!

But who would linger idle
Ere yet the sun is high?
And who would loose the bridle
Before his inn be nigh?
Up then, we must not tarry
The world's to fetch and carry
He spreads swift wings, aye, marry,
Who with old Time doth fly.

And when, with eyes grown dimmer,
We sit within the door
By one lone candle's glimmer
Perusing tales of yore—
With laughter still availing
And wonder unbewailing,
Till fire and candle's failing,
We'll read the story o'er.

WINIFRED GOODALL.

Class Addresses

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ALLINSON, EDWARD PAGE (Mrs.). See Shipley.	
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BAIRD, MILDRED	Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania
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Class Addresses—Continued

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Class Addresses—Continued

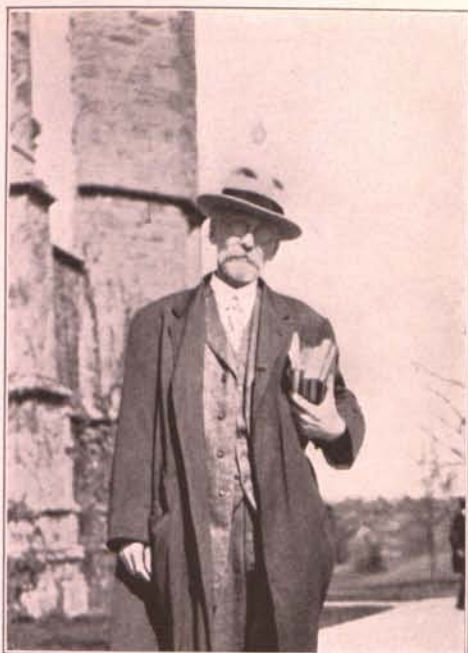
HOFFMAN, KURZON (Mrs.).	<i>See</i> Lee.
HUGHES, MARY DOROTHY	406 Hay Street, Wilksburg, Pennsylvania
HUNTINGTON, KATHARINE	12 Stockton Street, Princeton, New Jersey
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Class Addresses—Continued

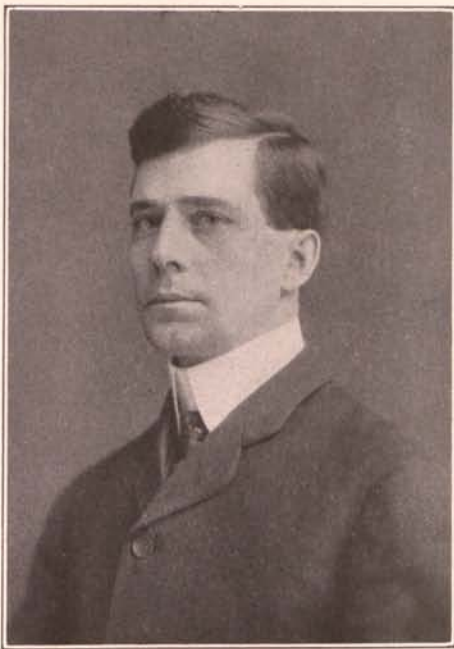
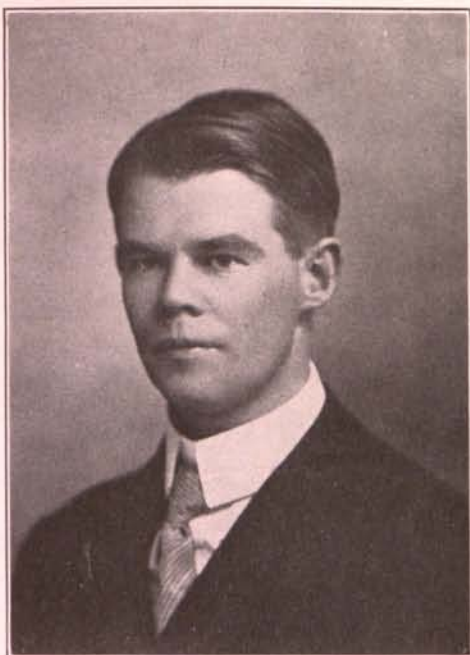
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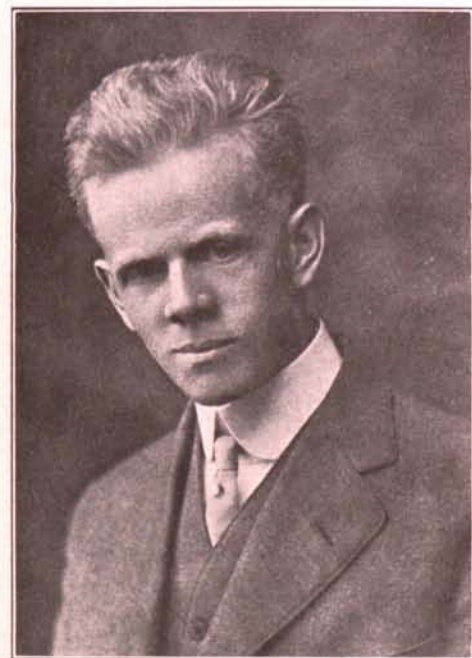
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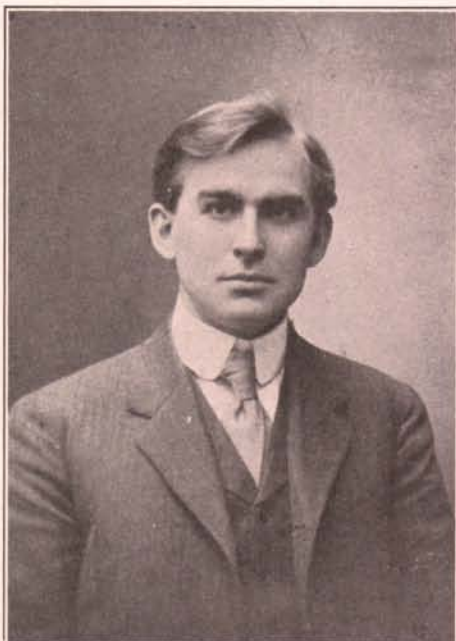


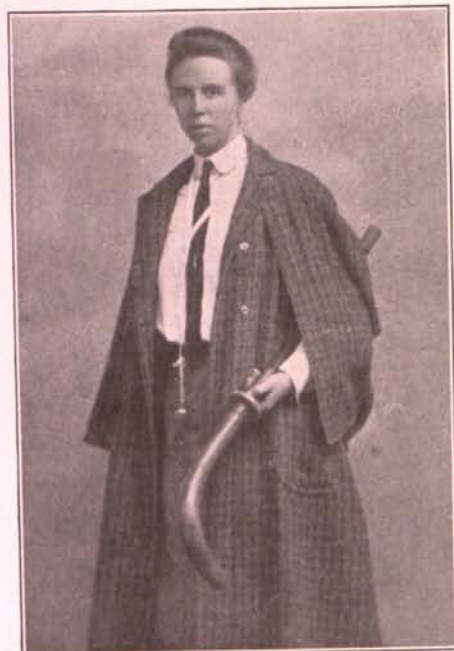
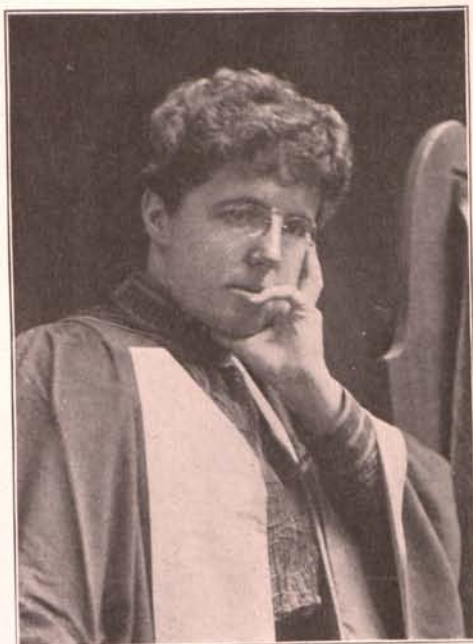




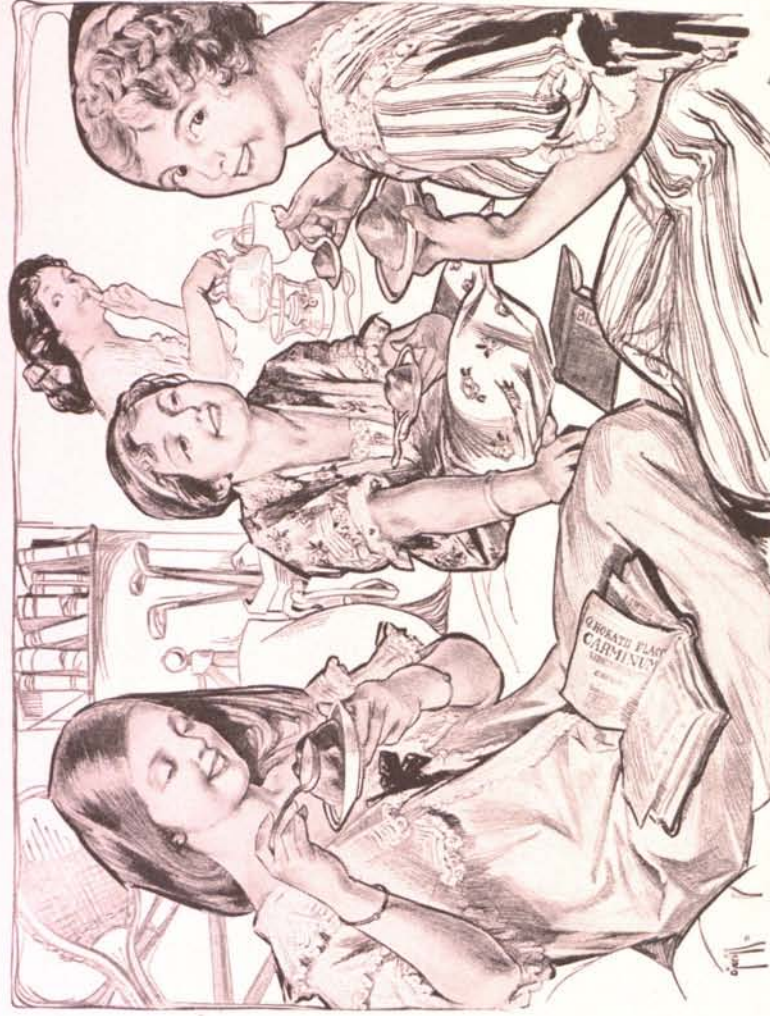








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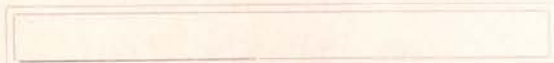
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